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Wallace, A.

Boys who made good

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BOYS WHO MADE GOOD

BY
ARCHER WALLACE

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY
PERCY R. HAYWARD, PH.D.

DIRECTOR OF YOUNG PEOPLE'S WORK,
INTERNATIONAL COUNCIL OF
RELIGIOUS EDUCATION



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GARDEN CITY, NEW YORK
DOUBLEDAY, DORAN & COMPANY, INC.

1929

MAY 10 1937

Other Books by Archer Wallace

HEROES OF PEACE

STORIES OF GRIT

BLAZING NEW TRAILS

OVERCOMING HANDICAPS

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PRINTED IN THE UNITED STATES AT

THE COUNTRY LIFE PRESS

GARDEN CITY, N. Y.

FIRST EDITION

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TO BOYS WHO WANT TO MAKE GOOD

You are about to read this book because you want to make good; the lad who does not care will probably pass by this book with a glance at the title and will not go as far as you have now. So then, let me have a word with you. If I am to write an introduction to the book I suppose I should introduce the book to you. Therefore—

Boys who want to make good, allow me to introduce to you Mr. Wallace's tales about boys who have made good.

Mr. Wallace started some years ago to write the life stories of great and successful men, in short and attractive form, for boys. He got so much fun out of it that he cannot seem to stop, and those of us who have read all his books hope that he will not stop. He first wrote *Overcoming Handicaps*, which deals with boys who had to fight against deafness, or blindness, or being cripples, or poverty, in order to succeed; then he brought out *Stories of Grit*, which tells about lads who had a long and hard road to travel; next followed a thrilling missionary book, *Blazing New*

Trails; then *Heroes of Peace* made us all admire those who in the way of peace had done as heroic deeds as had any others in war. Now he comes along with this book about fellows who made good.

Every worth-while boy wants to "make good." He wants to tackle something and succeed at it; whether he grapples with a football opponent, or a Latin sentence, or a hard job in the corner grocery, or the making of money, or a fractious colt on the farm, he wants to do what he sets out to do. He wants the thrill that comes with success. He wants to be able to say rather proudly "I done—pardon me, I mean, I did it." And that is a worth-while quality in any youngster.

Such a boy, I know, will greatly enjoy these stories of other boys who, some years ago, felt just as he does now. He will find that they started with very little to help them along, just as he must do; that they had to depend upon their own hands and brains and hearts; that what they were not willing to do for themselves they could not expect others to do for them; that often things went against them and their plans failed; that success never came all at once; that success can come in many ways, sometimes by machines,

sometimes by new discoveries, and sometimes by new ways of doing old and familiar things; that sometimes to make good brings the esteem and applause of many others, while at other times your success is known only to a few; and that there are a few things that all these people had, and that one of them was an everlasting stick-to-it-ive-ness that no amount of discouragement or defeat could destroy. Every one of you will enjoy this book, I know.

And may you all make good. I do not wish for any of you that you make as much money as Mr. Ford, or build as many miles of railway as Mr. Hill, or sell as many newspapers as Mr. Pulitzer, or make as many cups of tea as Mr. Lipton, for none of these things is necessary for the success of any of you, but I do hope that by these tales you may be stirred to something of the hard work and honest service and clean-minded appreciation of the job and unselfish regard for the good of mankind that marked these men.

And, if you are, you too will make good!

PERCY R. HAYWARD.

CHAPTER I

A COUNTRY BOY WHO BECAME AMERICA'S GREATEST MERCHANT

ONE day in 1848 a man named John Neff was trying to open a new Sunday school in a country district not far from where Philadelphia now stands. At the first session of this school there were four scholars present, and one of them was a ten-year-old boy named John Wanamaker. Mr. Neff had seen this barefoot lad a few days before when he was canvassing the district and invited him to attend the school. The Sunday school soon increased in numbers. Mr. Neff took an interest in every scholar, and in a little book he wrote something opposite each name. Soon there was this entry in his book: "John Wanamaker is a good boy. He will make his mark in the world."

After he had attended the Sunday school for a year John decided that he wished to present Mr. Neff with a Bible. He had very little pocket money, but felt sure he could save sufficient to pay for a Bible; so he ordered one. The day it

arrived he was delighted with it until he learned that the price was two dollars and seventy-five cents; more money than he had ever owned in his life. He had no idea books cost so much. He was so dumfounded he could hardly speak; then he made arrangements to pay for it so much each week and, although it took several months, he managed to pay every cent of the debt.

He went to the little public school near by whenever he had a chance and in addition attended to the chores around the house, ran errands, and did odd jobs for the neighbors and in that way earned a little money. There was a country store near his home where one could purchase many different kinds of things: food, clothing, boots and shoes, hardware, and even vegetables and fruit. He often thought how convenient it was for people to be able to buy what they needed without having to go to different stores for each article.

John Wanamaker started to work when fourteen years of age. His position was that of errand boy in a publishing business, and his salary was one dollar and twenty-five cents a week. His home was several miles away from where he worked, and he had to walk back and forth daily. Until he reached the paved streets he trudged

along across fields and lanes that were dusty in summer and very muddy at other times. Often he carried his shoes in his hands so that when he reached the store where he was employed he might appear neat and clean. John was sensitive about his appearance. The first day he worked in the city he knew that some other young fellows in the store were amused at his country clothes, and this made him all the more determined to make good.

The next position John Wanamaker got was in a clothing store at two dollars and fifty cents a week—double his former salary. After several years' experience in the clothing business he became the first paid secretary of the Young Men's Christian Association of Philadelphia. This was in 1858, when he was just twenty years of age. At this time he wished to become a minister, but his health was poor, and continuous public speaking left him hoarse and weak. Very much against his will he was forced to give up the idea of being a minister, but straightway resolved that whatever business he took up he would conduct it on true Christian principles.

Some years before this something happened which John Wanamaker never forgot. It was during the Christmas holidays, and he wanted to

buy a present for his mother. He entered a jewelry store in Philadelphia with the money he had saved. He selected a dainty article and paid for it. Before he left the store he saw something that he liked better and told the salesman that he had changed his mind and would purchase this other article. "You cannot change like that," said the salesman curtly. "You must take the article you have paid for, whatever you do about the second one." There and then John made up his mind that some day he would have a store of his own and people would be at liberty to change their minds if they wished. "My store," he said, "will be one where the salesmen are civil and courteous and obliging."

He was twenty-three when he decided to go into business in partnership with a friend. His partner was about the same age as himself. By being very careful John Wanamaker had saved two thousand dollars, and his partner had about the same amount, so the business began on April 2, 1861, with a capital of four thousand dollars. Both young men were keen and eager for hard work. More than once John Wanamaker himself delivered goods to his customers in a wheelbarrow. He started to work at six o'clock each morning. He hadn't much money, but he did

have the pluck and determination to succeed, which so many country lads possess.

At this time all business was done by bartering. Goods were marked at a higher price than the merchant expected to get. The purchasers regarded all merchants as enemies whose chief aim was to cheat them as much as possible. So all buying was made a subject of contention. Even buying a pound of butter was done in this way, and buying a suit of clothes often meant an argument lasting an hour or more. Naturally, there was much unfair trickery and deceit.

John Wanamaker decided that in his store there would be one price fixed on each article, and it would be as low as he could make it and still leave him a reasonable profit. Under no circumstances would bartering be permitted. Even when his business grew so that he no longer stood behind the counter to sell goods, he often stood near and watched to see that the customers were treated with courtesy and fairness. Over and over again he said to his clerks: "Whatever else you do, be fair to customers."

In 1868 John Wanamaker's partner died and he took over the entire business himself. The business grew to a surprising extent. Several times he had to seek bigger premises. His way of

doing business was new and unusual, but people liked it. He was a tireless worker himself, and his employees caught his eagerness and enthusiasm. More than this, he was fair and obliging to customers, and he gave attention to every detail. He introduced a great many things in his store that no one had ever thought of trying out. Gradually he brought under one roof various kinds of business. This idea was one he got when, as a country lad, he saw in the local store nearly all that the customers needed. So on a larger scale—on a huge scale—he copied the country store. Customers, without once leaving the premises, could purchase groceries, boots and shoes, furniture, hardware, clothing, jewelry, and indeed practically everything.

At this time Mr. Wanamaker laid down certain principles which were to govern his business:

First—The store was a place to visit, to enjoy, without any obligation to buy or to be asked any questions.

Second—The object of the store was to serve the public; to let them have what they needed at the lowest possible cost.

Third—People could have goods charged on monthly accounts.

Fourth—All merchandise was guaranteed

trustworthy and everything was returnable, not for exchange, but for cash; to be refunded whenever the goods were in the same condition as when purchased.

Fifth—One price was fixed and marked in plain figures and no deviation was allowed.

When one remembers what a very different spirit had prevailed in business before this, it is no wonder that the Wanamaker store became popular. In 1876 there was a great Centennial Exposition in Philadelphia, and it was commonly reported that hundreds of people who came to see the Exposition found the Wanamaker store even more interesting. It was the first store ever lighted by electricity, and in every respect it was the most up-to-date store, not only in the United States, but in the world.

On February 22, 1902, the excavation was begun for a new store in Philadelphia which was to be an improvement in every way on the previous building. This tremendous enterprise was carried through successfully, and the formal dedication of the new store took place on December 30, 1911, when the President of the United States, William Howard Taft, officiated. Among the many new and magnificent features of this store was a splendid organ—one of the largest

in the world—which Mr. Wanamaker had installed for the entertainment of customers.

Perhaps no man of modern times did more to introduce the spirit of good will and fair play into business than John Wanamaker. He took a kindly interest in every man and woman in his store. He once said in regard to the matter of discharging employees: "I am in the store practically every day, and anyone who is discharged generally comes to me, personally or by letter, so that if there is any need of redress or adjustment of difficulties I can see that justice is done."

Mr. Wanamaker was interested in other things besides business. He was a generous supporter of the Y. M. C. A. as long as he lived. An appeal from this organization was sure of a friendly hearing; besides this, he erected Y. M. C. A. buildings in India, China, and Korea.

The Sunday-school movement never had a more enthusiastic admirer and supporter than John Wanamaker. Busy though he was, he always found time to attend Bethany Church Sunday School, in Philadelphia, which he founded, and which grew until it had a membership of six thousand, the largest Sunday school in the world. It is safe to state that he took as keen an

interest in Sunday school as in his wonderful business, and that is saying a great deal.

Mr. Wanamaker died on December 12, 1922, having reached the age of eighty-four in spite of the fact that as a boy he was frail and threatened with lung trouble.

Immediately following his death the Mayor of Philadelphia called a meeting for the purpose of erecting a public memorial to this merchant prince. Contributions for this came from rich and poor, from Sunday schools, public schools, and scores of other organizations. A fine statue was erected near the city hall. On it is inscribed his name, "John Wanamaker," then the simple title "Citizen." This is as he would have wished, because he was ever fond of that which was simple and unpretentious. No man of modern times did more to put soul into business than the country boy who became America's greatest merchant.

CHAPTER II

A LABORER WHO BECAME THE HIGHEST SALARIED MAN IN THE WORLD

IN THE summer of 1878 a sixteen-year-old boy was working in a grocery store at Braddock, Pennsylvania. He didn't want to be a grocer—his ambition was to become an engineer—but the grocery job was the only chance he could find at that time to earn a little money. The boy's name was Charles M. Schwab, and the man for whom he worked said to his mother: "Charlie is a fine boy, willing and obliging, and he wants to know everything."

At Braddock there were great steel works owned by Andrew Carnegie, and often when Charlie was weighing sugar, putting up packages of tea, selling tins of salmon or beans, he could hear the clanging sounds from the steel works and he longed to be there.

One day a superintendent of the works named Bill Jones came in to the store to make some purchases. After a good deal of hesitation Charlie

Schwab timidly asked if there was any chance of his getting a job in the steel works. The manager looked at the lad. "Can you drive stakes?" he asked. Charlie hardly knew what he meant, but in his eagerness he felt he could do anything. "You bet I can drive stakes," he replied. "Come around to-morrow then, and I'll give you a start," said Manager Jones.

Charlie Schwab was nineteen when he got a start in the steel works, and his salary was one dollar a day. It was hard work—by far the hardest work he had ever attempted, but it was the kind he enjoyed, and he went at it with might and main. Everything that had to do with the manufacture of steel interested him, and every spare moment he had he spent in studying chemistry and using his knowledge, or in making experiments with steel, testing its strength and quality.

Charlie Schwab felt sure that in future days steel was going to be used more than anyone dreamed—in the erection of bridges and great buildings and in dozens of other ways. Over and over again, as a result of his own experiments, he was able to make suggestions to the management, which resulted in great saving of money and in perfecting the steel and iron products.

From his job at a dollar a day he was promoted, and this advance was soon followed rapidly by other promotions until, after six years, he was made superintendent of the works with seven thousand men under him. "He knows more about steel than any other man in the world," said Andrew Carnegie. When Bill Jones, who had engaged him, died Charlie Schwab was given a stock interest in the business amounting to fifty thousand dollars and his salary was fixed at fifty thousand dollars a year. Seven years before this he had been a laborer earning a dollar a day. It is said that no boy in the world has ever risen so rapidly.

He built and equipped the Homestead Steel Works, which at that time was the largest plant of its kind in the world. It was here that Schwab began the method of feeding new raw material into the works and keeping it continually on the move until the product was perfected. That process is common now, but it was Charles Schwab who first successfully attempted it, and it cut down costs enormously.

Two qualities he had which are rare, yet absolutely necessary for one who is handling thousands of men. He had sympathy and common sense. In 1892 there was a big strike and, of

course, there was a good deal of hard feeling. By his kindness and tact Charlie Schwab smoothed out the difficulties, and soon after was made president of the Carnegie Company.

A firm in Great Britain learned of Schwab's amazing ability and, eager to obtain his services, offered him a salary far in advance of what he was then receiving, but he promptly turned the offer down. When Carnegie heard of this incident he insisted on Charlie Schwab accepting a contract at one million dollars a year. Probably no other man in the history of the world has ever been paid so large a salary.

In 1900 the United States Steel Corporation was formed and, besides being an important shareholder, Charles Schwab was made president at an annual salary of well over one million dollars. The great financier Pierpont Morgan, who was a director, had never heard of such a salary, and he was plainly worried. When Schwab heard about this he promptly took the contract, tore it into a hundred pieces, and offered to take whatever they would give him. He was only thirty-nine years old at the time, but he plainly showed Mr. Morgan and all the other directors that he worked, not for his salary so much, but because he loved his job. When Andrew Carnegie

heard what Schwab had done with the contract he was deeply touched. "Charlie is the only man in the world, I know, big enough to do a thing like that," he said, and he at once sent him bonds for the whole amount of the contract. Mr. Morgan was also moved with this example of honesty and straightforwardness. There and then he ordered a new contract to be drawn up for the same amount, so Charlie Schwab lost nothing by his action.

A few years later Schwab was taken ill and, although he had hardly reached middle life, it seemed as though his career was at an end. He was forced to resign his position and retire from business. Later he recovered his health and took over a small, and not very successful, concern, the Bethlehem Steel Works. He selected fifteen young men—some of whom were earning only seventy-five dollars a month—and with their help he built up an industry which is to-day the second largest of its kind in the entire world.

The growth of the Bethlehem Steel Works is one of the miracles of industry. It seemed to be tottering to its fall when Schwab took it over in 1908. To-day it employs over one hundred and fifteen thousand men and has a weekly pay roll of three million dollars. It has branches in Cuba

and in Chile and runs many great shipbuilding yards. Charles Schwab himself refused an offer of one hundred million dollars for his interest in the works.

The fact is that there are few rich men in the world—or men of any kind—who work just for the love of work as did Charlie Schwab. He once said, what everyone who knows him will vouch for, “I work just for the joy and pleasure I find in work, for the satisfaction there is in developing and creating things. . . . The man who only works for the wages he gets is not likely to make much money or to find much fun in life.”

It is not hard to believe that if, at the height of his career, Charlie Schwab had lost every cent he had, he would have been willing to start in again at the foot of the ladder and work his way up again, and, what is more, he would have got a lot of real fun out of doing it.

Few men have ever been able to get as much out of their employees as Charles Schwab. His enthusiasm has always been contagious. If ever there was any slackening of effort, a straight appeal from him—a heart-to-heart talk—would do more than anything else in the world to speed things along. “I do not want men in the shipyards to work for me,” he once said; “I want

them to work with me." And perhaps one can find the secret of his amazing popularity in those words.

Charlie Schwab has a long list of magnificent gifts to his credit. One gift alone—a home for orphaned and crippled children on Staten Island—cost two million dollars, and there have been few worthy causes which have failed to find in him a generous friend.

The thrilling romance of Charlie Schwab's career does not mean that every hard-working, honest toiler will become rich like him—far from it. He would be the first one to deny that. But it does mean that when a boy or a man gets interested in his work he will come to love it for its own sake, and he will feel that this old world is a pretty good place to live in, after all.

CHAPTER III

AN APOSTLE OF CHEERFULNESS AND GOOD WILL

ON THE 18th of October, 1875, a boy was born of the Fanti Tribe at Anamabu on the West Coast of Africa. The boy's father was Kodwo Kwegyir Aggrey, and he held the important position of linguist at the King's court. To this black boy was given the name of James Kwegyir Aggrey, and while he was yet a baby his head was bathed in the sacred spring Kakawa, which the natives believed had magic qualities.

Although his ancestors for generations had been fighters, reveling in the bloodiest kinds of cruel and savage warfare and often indulging in the most degrading forms of cannibalism, James Aggrey was destined to become a man of peace and good will. While still a mere boy he was sent by his father to attend school at the Gold Coast, and there, for the first time in his life, he came under the influence of Christianity and at the age of eight became a Christian: the first of his family to become one.

James Aggrey's progress at school was remarkable. He learned his lessons so quickly and thoroughly that his teachers could hardly keep pace with him. No boy of such intelligence had attended the school, and so at the age of fourteen, after he had passed through all the standards, he was made a teacher. He had also mastered several languages, and he was made an interpreter.

When James was nineteen his father died. He was a very old man, and through the influence of his boy he had become a Christian. On his death-bed the old African seemed to have some idea of the wonderful future which lay before the lad. He solemnly laid his hand upon his head and prayed for him. The memory of that solemn parting and blessing remained with James Aggrey as long as he lived.

James Aggrey continued as a teacher and later as master at the Wesleyan Mission School for nine years. In addition to regular studies five industries were taught: sewing, printing, carpentry, drawing, and blacksmithing. So capable a master did James Aggrey show himself that the entire school of four hundred pupils passed with one hundred per cent credit. No wonder the government inspector of schools referred to

this one as: "The Premier School of the Colony."

In addition to teaching, James Aggrey gave valuable assistance in translating many fine hymns and sacred songs into the Fanti language. He also assisted the missionaries who were translating the New Testament into the language of his people. He seemed always willing and anxious to help anyone, and whatever he did was well done.

When he was twenty-three years of age James Aggrey was induced by Bishop Small to visit the United States, and so, in 1898, he entered Livingstone College, in North Carolina, U. S. A., as a student in the freshman class. Side by side with hundreds of American-born students this black young man from Africa took his place. Everything around him was new and strange; no one could have blamed him if homesickness swept over him and made studying hard. But there was no student at Livingstone College who took his work more seriously or made a better record than James Aggrey. He took his Bachelor of Arts degree in 1902 and was at the top of a specially able class. Furthermore, during his course he had worked, whenever possible, in order to keep down expenses.

After graduation he was offered a position as

teacher in Livingstone College, which he gladly accepted. He became a member of the college staff and taught there for more than twenty years. During those years he received many offers of positions with large salaries, but he preferred to remain and teach at Livingstone College. His sincerity and sympathy, together with his unusual ability, made a deep impression upon hundreds of students who studied at the college, and who had good reason to thank God for this teacher from the African Gold Coast.

He continued to study hard himself and in 1912 secured his Master of Arts degree and later earned the degree of Doctor of Philosophy from Columbia University, New York City. Soon after this Hood Theological Seminary conferred upon him the degree of Doctor of Divinity. Often when these honors came to him James Aggrey thought of the humble African home where he had been born, and he remembered with tenderness the farewell words of his aged father.

Dr. Aggrey married a charming colored lady who had been a teacher at Livingstone College. A distinguished Scottish clergyman and his wife visited them, and here are his impressions of that home: "The night we spent in Dr. Aggrey's home in Salisbury we look back on as one of our

best times in America. Everything in the home was dainty and well kept, with its four public rooms and several bedrooms. The study was lined with books, and one could see that they were a great joy to Dr. Aggrey. Mrs. Aggrey is a capable and charming wife and continues to teach in the college."

The black boy from Africa had indeed made good. Some people did not hesitate to say that he was the best educated Negro in the world. One might go further and say that there were few men of any race to equal him in true culture and refinement. Here is how one who knew him for several years describes him: "He was light in step, graceful in movement, and could adapt himself to any surroundings with simplicity and ease. His body, like his mind, was disciplined and free, his judgment was sound, and he could quickly make up his mind. He was generally quiet and gentle, but his wit was keen and his laughter gay and infectious. He never seemed to harbor the slightest ill will toward anyone. When he smiled no one could be angry with him, and wherever he went children were drawn to his side. He had remarkable gifts as a public speaker. He was always a true son of Africa, ever thinking of and praying for the land of his birth.

He was the flower of African Christian manhood."

In 1920 a very important and most carefully selected group, known as the Phelps-Stokes Commission, visited Africa in order to study educational matters. The Commission was supported by mission boards both in America and Europe and was warmly encouraged by officials of many governments. Dr. James Aggrey was invited to become a member of the Commission—the only colored man thus honored. So he returned to his native land, just as he wished, to study how best to help his fellow Africans.

The Commission visited all the countries of West Africa and carefully studied the schools and colleges for natives wherever they went. They also studied religious conditions and, indeed, everything which had to do with the welfare of the African people. No man on the Commission received so warm a welcome as did Dr. Aggrey, and it was admitted by all that no member rendered a greater service. The fact that he had been born in Africa was of great advantage to him, for the natives admired him and trusted him absolutely.

There has always been bitterness between the whites and blacks in Africa, and Dr. Aggrey made it his special mission to break down prej-

udice and suspicion and hatred. He preached good will and mutual understanding and respect. "It is just like a piano," he once said, "there are white keys and black keys and both are needed to produce great harmonies and wonderful music. So it is with the races of mankind; all are needed, and God has a place for every man, no matter what color his skin may be. We need the white man and the white man needs us."

Wherever Dr. Aggrey went in Africa he captivated his audiences. He addressed dozens of meetings made up of white people, and they were completely won over to him when they saw his deep sincerity and amazing ability. He addressed large meetings in Cape Town, Victoria East, King William Town, Grahamstown, Port Elizabeth, Queenstown, Durban, Johannesburg, Bloemfontein, and many other places. The *Rand Daily Mail*, an influential South African newspaper, said, "Dr. Aggrey is probably the most highly educated man of African race in the world."

If the whites of Africa were charmed by Dr. Aggrey, the black people were, if possible, even more enthusiastic. On one occasion he spoke to an audience of at least five thousand, some of

whom had walked one hundred miles to hear him. The black people were proud of him, and no wonder, for whether as a public speaker or as a member of a round-table conference Dr. Aggrey did not have to take second place to anyone.

Then there was a most memorable day when he arrived at the Coast where he had been born, where he had attended school, and where his mother—now over eighty years of age—was still living. Tremendous crowds waited to welcome him. The leading officials had prepared a dinner in his honor, but when the hour came for the official reception Dr. Aggrey could not be found. After waiting some time the dinner was begun without the guest of honor. In the middle of it Dr. Aggrey appeared looking rather shy and much like a naughty schoolboy. "I'm very sorry," he said. "You see, I just had to go and see my dear mother before anyone else."

Dr. Aggrey again visited Africa in 1924. Soon after his return to London, England, plans were made for a great native college to be built at Achimota, and he was offered an important position on the college staff. He had a great deal to do with the plans for the institution. He was determined to make the college one of which every African might well be proud. "The large

tract of land was cleared, good roads made, plans marked out, a water system put in, electric light and power provided. A sewage plant, a cattle farm, a vegetable garden, came into being; for games two large cricket grounds, five football and three hockey grounds, twelve tennis courts were laid out. Buildings rose rapidly. The site was divided between the school and the college with a fine hospital between."

The institution was named the Prince of Wales College, and accommodation was provided for one thousand persons, although the college premises no doubt will be enlarged from time to time as it is found necessary. From the standpoint of equipment this school and college at Achimota is one of the finest of its kind to be found anywhere.

Unfortunately Dr. Aggrey did not live to enjoy for long this college about which he had dreamed so much. He died very suddenly while on a visit to America in the summer of 1927, when he was just a little over fifty-one years of age. The news of his death came as a great shock and caused the deepest regret everywhere. Testimonies to his noble character came from three continents. Principal Fraser of the Prince of Wales College at Achimota said: "He was a delightful man to live with, full of good humor,

never taking offense, and always looking on the bright side of things. He was most devoted to his people and his country, and was unsparing of himself. He was equally ready to spend his time and labor over the poorest as over the most powerful. *He was one of the purest men I have ever met."*

Could a greater compliment be paid to any man than that? A pure man, kind, unselfish, and humble, in spite of all his great gifts. The black race has given many noble men to the world, but surely none greater than he who bore the name of James Kwegyir Aggrey.

CHAPTER IV

AN IRISH LAD WHO HAS TAUGHT THE WORLD A LESSON IN CLEAN SPORT

IN 1865 a fifteen-year-old boy named Thomas Lipton^{17c} worked his way across the Atlantic in the stokehold of a steamer. When he landed in New York he had little to help him except his determination to make good in the new country.

"Tommy Lipton," as he was familiarly called, was naturally cheerful. Born in Glasgow of Irish parents, he had the high spirits and good nature of that race, but his first experiences certainly put him to the test. The country was not as prosperous as now, and there were a dozen young lads for every position. Thomas Lipton's first job was selling newspapers; the work was not easy, but he had been working since he was eleven and was prepared for anything.

Someone told him that young men were needed in the rice plantations of South Carolina, and after a long and very unpleasant journey he landed there. He was bitterly dis-

appointed. The heat that year was terrific and the mosquitoes almost unbearable. Work was hard, hours long, and wages poor, but Thomas Lipton stuck at it for three years, then landed back in New York with very little money but a great deal of experience. He had received all kinds of hard knocks and setbacks, but these things only put more backbone into him and, if possible, made him more good-natured than ever.

He saved up enough money to return to Glasgow, and with the help of some friends he managed to start a very small grocery business. Thomas did everything there was to do around the place from sweeping the floors and washing windows to putting up the shutters at night. It is said that frequently he even slept under the counter. A very small sum of money would have bought everything he had for sale in the store.

In those days there was little advertising done even in the big stores, and even that was stiff and formal. One thing Thomas Lipton had learned in the United States was the value of advertising, and without delay he began to use it in connection with his little business. In the beginning he specialized on selling ham and bacon, and he made up his mind that before long everybody in Glasgow would know it.

His first newspaper advertisement cost him two dollars, and while he had to count every cent he knew this was money well spent. Then each week he had several hundred handbills printed which he personally distributed. Soon his methods began to interest people, and his business grew.

He engaged a man in Ireland to purchase ham and bacon, butter and eggs. On one occasion this man bought so much that when the bill came in Lipton had not enough cash to pay it, but he pawned his watch for seven dollars and a half, and this enabled him to get out of a tight corner.

Lipton was always trying something new, and his novel ways of advertising attracted attention. One day he bought two fine little pigs. He had them scrubbed clean and decorated with gay ribbons and each one led through the streets by a man dressed in pink. Of course crowds followed, and people wanted to know what all the commotion was about. When they got near they read this sign, carried by another man: "We are going to Lipton's pink tea. Come along yourself."

This was just one of a dozen unusual ways of advertising that Thomas Lipton adopted. People soon were asking: "Who is Thomas Lipton; where is his store?" The little store was crowded,

and Lipton was forced to engage assistants to wait on the customers while he himself managed the store and thought out new ways in which to advertise his goods.

There were certain rules that he laid down from the beginning. Every customer, rich or poor, should be treated with courtesy and honesty. He would live up to his advertisements. Neither he nor anyone in his employ would ever use deceitful methods. People had confidence in him; he was soon able to pay back the money he had borrowed in order to start in business, and he began to enlarge his premises.

The growth of Thomas Lipton's business is said to be almost without a parallel in Great Britain. It reads like a fairy tale. He opened a second store; then a third and a fourth. Soon there were scores of them scattered throughout the different towns of the British Isles. Every one of them followed the same go-ahead methods and carried out the business principles of Lipton.

Ten years after he opened the first tiny store, ten years after he pawned his watch to meet a bill, Thomas Lipton was a millionaire, and no one begrudged him his success. From the beginning he took off his coat, rolled up his sleeves, and with unfailing good nature and cheerful-

ness worked with a will. Success does not come easily to any man, and it would not have come to Thomas Lipton had he not been a hard and conscientious worker. Idleness and he were strangers; while many other young fellows his age were "killing" time, he always seemed to have more work to do than he could get through.

After establishing a chain of stores throughout the country Lipton followed this with a number of factories. He bought extensive gardens in England, and before long his jam factories alone employed an army of helpers. Ireland was no longer able to supply all the bacon and ham he needed, and Lipton soon had his buyers in the United States and in other countries. He opened up a large printing establishment, and enormous quantities of advertising material were sent to the stores as they asked for it. Then he did a very unusual thing: he purchased tea gardens in Ceylon. This daring move seemed to appeal to the people. They liked this Irish lad who had such courage and who played the game so fairly and so successfully. It seemed to them like the story of "Aladdin and His Wonderful Lamp," as everything he wished came to pass.

Thomas Lipton had two characteristics not often found in the same man: a saving disposi-

tion and a spirit of wonderful generosity. He hated to see anyone wasting money or spending it foolishly. When he was a boy he worked for one dollar a week and so learned the value of every cent. "Fools waste money," he said; "wise men save it." But he was generous. On one occasion he gave over one hundred thousand dollars to provide dinners for the poor of London—this when he was a comparatively young man. Later he gave large sums to relieve distress occasioned by plagues in India. The news soon spread abroad that he had money to give and was willing to give it whenever the cause was a worthy one. It would make a book in itself to record the generosity of Thomas Lipton. During the Great War of 1914-18 few men gave more generously than did this Irish millionaire. In 1898 he was knighted and so became Sir Thomas Lipton.

He was interested in every form of healthy sport, but his favorite was yachting. For many years the cup, emblem of the world's championship for yacht racing, had been held by the United States. Now Sir Thomas was always a warm friend of the United States; indeed he used to say, "I am half American at heart." However, he did long to capture that champion-

ship for Great Britain, and in 1899 he issued a challenge and built a magnificent yacht named the *Shamrock*, which a great many believed would beat the *Columbia*, Mr. Pierpont Morgan's boat.

The *Shamrock* sailed across the Atlantic under her own canvas. Seldom has any sporting event attracted more attention. The whole world looked on. Although a smaller boat than her rival, the *Shamrock* carried more than twice as much sail, and by many was favored to win. There were to be three races. In the light winds the *Columbia* proved the swifter boat and won the first two races. In the third start the *Shamrock* was disabled.

Undaunted by this defeat, Sir Lipton made a second attempt in 1901 with a new boat, *Shamrock II*, but again the *Columbia* won—this time rather easily.

These two attempts cost Sir Thomas Lipton nearly a million dollars, but he decided to have a third try; and in 1903 he had a magnificent boat built which he named *Shamrock III*. This third attempt is said to have cost a million dollars. The owner and those who had built her felt sure that this boat would bring the cup to Great Britain. Once again Lipton was doomed to

failure, for although she was very fast she was beaten by the *Reliance*—the boat chosen to represent the United States.

Sir Thomas made another attempt to lift the cup in 1913 with *Shamrock IV*. The builders followed entirely new plans, and when completed this new yacht beat *Shamrock III* so easily that it did seem as if the big-hearted Irishman would gain his object; but the *Resolute*, America's choice, was too speedy even for this new boat, and for a fourth time Sir Thomas was disappointed.

His unfailing good nature never once left Sir Thomas Lipton. After each defeat he was the first man to congratulate the winner. It is safe to say that few men born across the seas have ever been more popular in the United States than he. And here is an interesting thing. He has always hated gambling. He does not believe in it, and although vast sums of money must have been wagered on the famous yacht races in which he was so interested, he himself never wagered one cent; indeed, he never made a bet in his life.

At the time of writing Sir Thomas Lipton is still living, although he is nearly eighty years of age. A great many honors have come to him during his fourscore years. From almost abject

poverty he has become an exceedingly rich man. Once obscure and unnoticed, he has become famous the world over. A dozen great honors have been given him, but his chief pride has not been in these distinctions.

All his life he has played the game fairly with everybody. With his vast army of employees he has always been exceedingly popular. His great factories and warehouses have been remarkably free from strikes. He has loved sport for its own sake—for the wholesome keen enjoyment it brings, and when he has lost the race or the game he has been the first to grip the winner by the hand. To keep smiling in face of defeat is a better and a bigger thing than merely to keep winning.

CHAPTER V

THE RAGGED BOY OF BALTIMORE

AT THE close of the Civil War in America a woman with six children moved from the South into Baltimore, Maryland. Her husband, Josiah Gorgas, who later joined his family, was a general in the Southern army, and its defeat was a crushing blow for him. To make matters worse he invested what money he had in a venture which failed, and so, at the age of fifty, General Gorgas found himself penniless and discouraged. The children were ragged and barefoot, and every one of them knew in those days what it was to go hungry. Kind friends took pity on them, and as the father was energetic and ambitious he was appointed to a position in a college at Sewanee, and the family fortunes soon improved.

One of the six children in that family was William Crawford Gorgas, a lively youngster who was born in Alabama in 1854. William spent ten years of his life at Sewanee, where his father was teaching. His good nature made him popular

with everybody, but to tell the truth he was more of a success on the baseball team and the football team than he was at school. When his dad saw Will's letters he was worried, for "aunts" was spelled "ants" and "neuralgia" was written "newralagh." To make matters worse, William was never far from the bottom of the class. One night, probably after he had gone to bed, he overheard a conversation between his father and mother which made him uneasy. They were both worried because he wouldn't settle down to study. There and then he vowed he would do better, and he certainly did. Soon he climbed to the top of the class, and before long he won a gold medal for general proficiency.

Willie Gorgas wanted to be a doctor, and when he was twenty-two years of age he entered Bellevue Medical College in New York City. He had very little money, and his father was not in a position to help him very much, but by being extremely careful he just managed to get along. Many a time he didn't have the price of a meal and so went hungry. When Christmas and other vacations came around he couldn't raise enough money to take him home. He had a roommate from Kentucky named John Bowen who was just as hard up as himself, but the two resolved

to be cheerful, and every morning they might have been seen sitting in a cheap restaurant on the East Side of the city and ordering "Buckwheat cakes and syrup for two."

Willie Gorgas and John Bowen decided that they would have to divide the housework, so Willie got up every cold morning and lighted the fire, while John Bowen looked after the family mending—of which there was generally a good deal. One morning Gorgas handed his chum a pair of sadly torn trousers. "Put a patch on them, John," he said. Later when he got them he was pleased. "You're a born tailor, John," he said. "You certainly made a beautiful job of this." But when he discovered that his trousers had been patched with his soft felt hat he wasn't quite so pleased.

One night the pair went to a theater in Union Square to see a play entitled *The Two Orphans*. John Bowen was from the backwoods, and it was all new and strange to him. The play was quite pathetic. In one scene a blind girl was shivering in a snowstorm, when the villain of the play came and seized her roughly. John Bowen jumped up in his seat in the balcony and yelled, "Take your hand off that girl, you scoundrel, or I'll blow a hole through you." The place was

in an uproar, and the two friends were nearly thrown out.

Willie Gorgas graduated from Bellevue Hospital in 1880 and entered the Medical Department of the United States Army. For twenty years he was an army doctor and worked very hard. For thirteen years he worked in the South, and then for several years he lived in North Dakota at a post which was seventy-five miles from a railroad and in the midst of a great prairie with few neighbors except some red men and half-breeds. More than once he almost lost his life in blizzards, but he loved the hard life, and far and near people learned to love and trust Dr. Gorgas.

At this time one of the most deadly of all diseases was yellow fever. Often it swept over a city and left thousands dead. For generations it had defied medical skill, and it almost seemed hopeless to fight it. In 1800 this disease completely wiped out a French Army in Haiti. In 1821 yellow fever visited Barcelona in Spain and thousands perished; in fact, practically all who took the disease died, for medical men seemed helpless. Nearly every great American city near the Atlantic Coast had suffered from it.

In 1793 yellow fever appeared on the water

front at Philadelphia and very rapidly spread through the city. There was scarcely a home that was not afflicted. It attacked every part of the city; the rich suffered as much as the poor; the clean as well as the filthy; the young and old alike. All business came to a standstill, banks closed, factories and workshops ceased work, and the masters and employees fled for their lives. Newspapers ceased publication, and the churches were closed for want of congregations. Hundreds of the people left the city, and those who remained behind became utterly discouraged. Sick persons fell dead in the streets and often lay there several weeks without burial.

The methods adopted to check the disease were as pathetic as they were useless. All manner of ridiculous things were tried. Cannons were fired to purify the air, and their constant booming could be heard everywhere. Nearly all who ventured into the streets carried smelling bottles of vinegar or camphor, while both men and women began to use large quantities of tobacco, which was regarded as a preventive. Yet in spite of all that was done the living were scarcely able to bury the dead, the victims died so fast.

How to conquer this terrible disease was a problem that greatly interested Dr. Gorgas. As

a medical student he had often seen people die from it, and over and over again he asked himself what it was that caused this loathsome and deadly plague. In 1898 he was appointed chief sanitary officer for the city of Havana in Cuba. Now this city had been attacked by yellow fever again and again; in fact, it was seldom quite rid of it. So here was a chance for Dr. Gorgas to come to close grips with a disease that had slaughtered tens of thousands.

In 1898 Havana was a dirty city; there was filth everywhere. The natives did not mind it; they regarded it as the normal state of existence. The city did not have ordinary sanitation. The streets were filled with decaying vegetables, dead animals, and all manner of filthy refuse. The hospitals were so overcrowded that the sick could find no place of refuge and lay stricken in the streets. Children wandered about homeless, while beggars were to be met everywhere.

Dr. Gorgas was sent to Havana to stamp out yellow fever or to hold it in check as much as possible, and he quickly came to the conclusion that he must thoroughly clean up the city and insist upon proper sanitation. Like nearly all medical men of his day he believed that yellow fever was a filth disease, and the one way to deal

with it was to cleanse the city. After a careful inspection he said: "This is a filthy city, but I am going to give it the greatest bath it has ever had."

With the help of a first-class cleaning squad Dr. Gorgas transformed the city. Within a few months it looked a different place; in fact, with the exception of the architecture, one would scarcely have recognized Havana. "It had become as orderly, as clean, and as civilized in its appearance as Fifth Avenue, New York. All the tin cans, vegetable heaps, and other dirt and refuse had been removed. Dr. Gorgas did not confine his work to a few districts; he penetrated to the hidden recesses of the town, even to parts that very few natives knew anything about. He went himself into homes, back yards, dirty alleys, stables, factories, business offices, bakeries, butcher shops, and restaurants. It was a beautiful job, well done, and Havana for once had a wonderful bath."

What was the result of it all? To everyone's amazement it was found that yellow fever had not abated one bit; there was as much disease as ever. If there was a puzzled, disappointed, and discouraged man in the world at that time it

was Dr. William Gorgas, chief sanitary officer of Havana.

Just at that time a brilliant young American doctor, named Walter Reed, after exhaustive study and some dangerous experiments, had come to the conclusion that yellow fever was caused not by dirt, but by a mosquito known as the *Stegomyia*. Some time before this a Dr. Carlos Finlay had suggested this; he was ridiculed and laughed at, but Dr. Walter Reed determined to test the matter for himself. Experiment after experiment convinced Dr. Reed that Finlay was right: yellow fever was transmitted by the *Stegomyia* mosquito.

Although he doubted it at first, Dr. Gorgas came to the conclusion that Walter Reed was right. "There is only one thing to do," he said to Dr. Reed. "We must get rid of the mosquito." Dr. Reed smiled at the suggestion. He knew that there were millions upon millions of mosquitoes. "Dr. Gorgas," he said, "it simply can't be done," and everybody in Havana agreed with him. Dr. Reed's discovery seemed like a sentence of death. If yellow fever was carried around by mosquitoes, then the world would never be rid of it.

"I am going to destroy the *Stegomyia* mos-

quito," said Dr. Gorgas, and without delay he set about his tremendous job. When people told him that it could not be done he said, "Perhaps it can't, but we are going to try." He studied the *Stegomyia* day and night—its habits, favorite haunts, and methods of attack. There are eight hundred different kinds of mosquitoes, so very little was known about this particular type until Dr. Gorgas began his researches. One very important discovery he made was that this yellow-fever carrying mosquito would only lay its eggs in clean water contained in some artificial object, such as a basin, bowl, cup, flower pot, or tin can near some inhabited dwelling. Other mosquitoes deposited their eggs in any mud puddle or dirty pool but the *Stegomyia* never did. After numberless experiments Dr. Gorgas saw that never once did this creature leave its eggs in dirty water or in water that was not in some artificial holder and near a house where people were living. The *Stegomyia* was never known to lay its eggs in a pool, but a glass of clear water would attract it at once.

So Dr. Gorgas began his warfare. He found that kerosene oil was the best thing to destroy *Stegomyia* larvæ, so he ordered his men to go around Havana with thousands of small con-

tainers. These they filled with water, and as soon as the mosquito eggs were deposited poured on the kerosene. Havana was a city of 300,000 people, many of whom had not much faith in Dr. Gorgas's methods, so his task was extremely difficult. "Every inspector was accompanied by two associates armed with pails of kerosene. Wherever they found a receptacle they poured in water then when the larvæ appeared, spread the oil over the surface. That ended the career of the wigglers really before it was properly begun."

If Dr. Gorgas had not been a determined man he would soon have given up; new difficulties met him at every turn. Some people opposed him and others laughed at him. Over and over people said to him: "Dr. Gorgas, your whole plan is a failure." Many of the people living in the houses and places of business showed signs of becoming angry. But if there was one thing which the doctor had, even greater than his determination, it was tact and good nature. He never showed anger. He smiled when other men would have been angry, and everybody likes a good-natured man.

Dr. Gorgas won the day. Yellow fever had killed tens of thousands. By destroying the

Stegomyia larvæ and depriving it of a place to lay its eggs, Dr. Gorgas conquered this great enemy of mankind. The good results of his work soon began to appear. Day after day the dangerous mosquitoes became fewer and yellow fever rapidly died out. In 1896 no less than 1,282 persons had died of yellow fever in Havana alone. And this was by no means unusual; a similar annual toll had been made for generations. But as a result of Dr. Gorgas's work there has not been a single case of yellow fever reported in Havana since 1905. No wonder he had become a patron saint of Havana, and one of its finest streets is named after him. But it was characteristic of him that he did not want praise. Whenever he was referred to as a great man, he said, "I am not a great man. I am simply trying to follow in the footsteps of a great man—Dr. Walter Reed."

Dr. Gorgas was needed to check disease on the West Coast of Africa and he left America to go there in 1919. While in Belgium he was taken ill and removed to Queen Alexandra Military Hospital in London, England. He was to have called upon His Majesty King George early in July, but when it was found he could not go, the King visited him in the hospital. With deep feel-

ing His Majesty expressed his appreciation of the sick doctor and then conferred upon him the insignia of Knight Commander of the Most Distinguished Order of St. Michael and St. George. The incident deeply moved Dr. Gorgas and the next day when he was asked if he felt weak after the excitement, he said, "The King's visit has done me a world of good. I feel decidedly better for the decoration and," he added with a smile, "I am ready for another."

A few days later Dr. Gorgas died. At the special request of the British Government the funeral service took place in St. Paul's Cathedral. Later he was laid to rest in Arlington, U. S. A. From all over the world came tributes to his true greatness. Mr. Arthur Mee, the famous English journalist, wrote:

"A riderless horse walked up Ludgate Hill the other day behind its sleeping master, and if a horse can feel and know what happens its heart must have been breaking—unless there came to it new strength in the pride it felt in the sight of its master sleeping under the stars and stripes on his way to St. Paul's. . . . For here was no Englishman, no Briton, going to his rest; here was a ragged barefoot boy of Baltimore being carried to St. Paul's after his life's work was done. . . .

They will take him to his own land, but in truth he belongs to us all. He was one of life's greatest helpers, for he cleaned up foul places and made them sweet, and now, as they said of Lincoln, he belongs to the ages.'²

CHAPTER VI

A POOR BOY WHO BECAME A GREAT ARTIST

ONE day in 1851 a young German workingman named Lorenz Herkomer, with his wife and their two-year-old boy, left his native land to seek a home in America. Steamships were running then, but the fare was expensive, and so the Herkomers traveled by a sailing vessel which made the journey in six weeks.

Ocean traveling in those days was both dangerous and uncomfortable. Few vessels made the voyage without at least one sad sea burial. The meals consisted largely of salt meat and such coarse foods as only very healthy people could digest, so it is no wonder that many little children died on the way across.

Once landed in America, hardships of the worst kind faced the Herkomers. The United States was not prosperous then, and thousands of immigrants could not find employment. Lorenz Herkomer, who was a wood carver, tramped the streets of Cleveland vainly looking for work.

He was not easily discouraged, but at last his wife was compelled to seek pupils to whom she could teach the piano. Payment for these lessons was often made, not in money, but in vegetables and other foodstuffs, but the Herkomers were so reduced in circumstances that they were glad to receive payment of any kind. One hot day when she was on her way to give a music lesson, Mrs. Herkomer was overcome with sunstroke and had to be carried home in an unconscious condition.

This experience made Lorenz Herkomer long for Europe. For six years in America they had faced many hardships, and the struggle seemed harder than ever. So in 1857, when Hubert was eight years of age, the family sailed for England where they made their permanent home. For a time it did not seem as if they had improved their lot. They remained in Southampton, but though they lived under different skies they soon had the same bitter struggle with poverty. Once again Hubert's mother had to seek pupils for the piano at twelve cents a lesson, and the family only got along by living in the most frugal manner.

The father toiled with infinite patience to teach Hubert the art of wood carving. Hour

after hour they sat together in a little room used as a workshop, and the boy soon proved that he had artistic skill. While his mother was out Hubert and his father did whatever washing was to be done and, indeed, attended to all that needed doing around the house. Hubert never forgot the times he had seen his father down on his knees, scrubbing the front door steps.

At this time Hubert showed such skill in drawing that his father resolved to make him an artist. The neighbors thought this resolve was a very foolish one. Why, they asked, could the boy not take up such work as other lads were doing? They said it would mean starvation for him, but both his father and mother had their minds made up and so at the age of fourteen Hubert began to attend the School of Art at Southampton, and his career as an art student began. There was still great need for economy, and every penny had to be spent carefully, but slowly the Herkomers gained a footing and Hubert was able to attend his art classes. He not only heard lectures and studied in classrooms, but he frequented the art galleries and often gazed long and wistfully upon some great picture and wondered if the day would ever come when his pictures would be hung in such places.

Hubert began to make sketches which showed much ability. One of his little pictures sold for ten dollars, and this gave him great encouragement. Another drawing he made was reproduced in a magazine named *Good Words*, and so, slowly but surely, his work began to attract attention. In 1869, when he was just twenty years of age, he made a sketch which was hung in the Royal Academy—a very great honor for one so young. When his picture was exhibited along with the others, he was given a free ticket and invited to attend. He was expected to wear a dress suit, but as he did not possess such a thing, he hired one from a pawnbroker and so attended the exhibit, and doubtless enjoyed the congratulations he received even if he did have to wear borrowed clothes.

Soon after this Hubert began to make drawings for *The Graphic* magazine, and the money he received was much in advance of what he had formerly been paid; indeed, the tide had turned, and the days of bitter poverty were soon left behind. He was now twenty-one, and it was a great joy to him that he was able to take care of his parents. He never forgot the great sacrifices they had made for him, and as long as they

lived, nothing gave him greater pleasure than to surround them with little comforts.

Although he had genius, Hubert Herkomer knew that no lazy man could ever become a great artist, so he worked rather harder than ever. His eye was keen to detect beautiful and interesting things, and the demand for his paintings was greater than he could supply. Soon his pictures were to be seen in many of the leading art galleries of England. For one picture he received two thousand five hundred dollars—a sum of money which after the long years of poverty must have seemed very large indeed.

Then Hubert Herkomer painted a picture which met with such enthusiastic praise that he became at once one of the most renowned of living artists. Near his home in London was a great home for old soldiers. In this building there was a chapel hung with banners taken in various battles. Here the old soldiers, crippled and feeble, clad in their red coats, gathered for worship. Hubert Herkomer was so impressed with this picture that he decided to put it upon canvas. He secured a huge canvas, eight feet high, and for months worked at this picture with amaz-

ing energy. He could not take his canvas into the chapel and so was compelled to make many visits, sometimes remaining for hours, in order to paint the floor, ceiling, and windows, as well as the old pensioners, true to life. There were seventy figures in the picture and each one was made lifelike. The picture was entitled *The Last Muster*, and when it was hung in the Royal Academy thousands of art lovers from all over the world flocked to see it.

The Last Muster ranks as one of the greatest pictures ever painted. The faces in the picture are of old men worn with hardship and suffering, and yet each wearing a look of peace. It is no wonder that critics of that year said that no other picture could be compared to it for pathos and truth to life.

Hubert was now twenty-six years of age. Shortly before this his mother wrote of him to some friends: "Hubert, our dear and only son, is our staff, our hope, and consolation in old age. It is not four years since, young, strange, inexperienced, and poor, he went to London to seek his fortune. Through his industry, talents, and sobriety, he has succeeded so well that he has sold one painting for over two thousand dollars. Now he writes: 'Dear Parents, We have

won the day.' We hope soon to be living together on his own property."

Five years before this great success came to Hubert Herkomer he had been glad to work at stenciling on the walls of South Kensington Museum for eighteen cents an hour. He was then unnoticed and unknown, yet his perseverance never flagged and his energy was ceaseless. He had the honor of painting many notable persons including Lord Tennyson, Richard Wagner, John Ruskin, Admiral Lord Fisher, Joseph Chamberlain, and many others.

In 1879, when just thirty years of age, Hubert Herkomer was made an Associate of the Royal Academy, a very great and rare distinction. Many honors came to him, not only from Great Britain, but from other lands, for his fame soon spread wherever men loved true art. Great universities conferred degrees upon him, and he was knighted and became known as Sir Hubert Herkomer.

It is not to be wondered at that one of his most famous pictures is called Pressing to the West. The scene is aboard an emigrant ship on its way to America. There is a good deal in the picture that is sad, yet it truly depicts the scenes which took place on board these emigrant ships

seventy and eighty years ago. There are old folks, weary and yet hopeful. There are mothers, sick, yet infinitely more concerned over their restless children than themselves. Here and there are more lively passengers seeking to while away the weary hours by playing some instrument, while others, pale and listless, evidently long for the end of the voyage; all making a striking scene in spite of the sadness.

Why did Hubert Herkomer paint this picture? There can be little doubt about it. Although he was too young to remember anything of that voyage when first he was taken on an emigrant ship to America, he must have heard it described by his parents hundreds of times. The homesickness, the seasickness; the uncertainty, as well as the eager hopes of that voyage must have so impressed him that he even thought he could remember it all.

When he painted that picture Hubert Herkomer was a famous artist and a wealthy man, but he never forgot the sufferings of his parents and of countless other people whose lot was like theirs. No honors which came to him could make him indifferent to the lot of struggling people; his sympathy was ever with them.

He died on March 31, 1914, and was buried in

the quiet little churchyard at Budleigh Salterton, in Devonshire, that he loved so well. Although born in Germany he loved England with an affection that was deep and tender, and the English people were proud to count him one of themselves.

CHAPTER VII

A BOY WHOSE AMAZING PERSEVERANCE HAS BROUGHT PLEASURE TO MILLIONS

SIXTY years ago a young bank clerk living in Rochester, New York State, was given a holiday and made up his mind to visit the West Indies. It was a long trip for a young man who had never traveled from home before. But George Eastman—for that was his name—had one keen regret. His mother could not accompany him. Some years before this his father had died and at the age of fourteen George found himself faced with the task of providing for his widowed mother as well as himself.

If he could not take his mother along with him George Eastman decided that he would do the next best thing: he would buy a camera and take pictures of every place he visited, and in that way his mother could at least share some of the pleasure of travel with him. But taking pictures in those days was far from being the easy thing it is to-day. Cameras were large and

clumsy. Even to take the simplest kind of pictures one had to have a large box-camera, plates, water-carriers, a cumbersome tripod, and a tent in which to develop the pictures; for the plates had to be thrust into the camera dripping wet and then developed immediately, or they were useless.

So, far from being a delightful and easy pastime, photography in those days was hard work, and when George Eastman set out with his heavy load of photographic appliances over and over again he said to himself: "Surely taking pictures could be made easier than this." Sometimes it required nearly a whole day to get even one photograph. The more he thought about it the more convinced he became that there must be a much simpler way. One day he said: "Some inventor is bound to make photography easier soon, and, if possible, I intend to be that inventor."

He began to work in his mother's kitchen, for he had no other place in which to make his experiments. He aimed at inventing a dry plate: one that could be sensitized and sold in packets and which would not have to be developed immediately after it was taken but which could be kept for days, or months, if necessary.

Finding how to make this dry plate became the passion of George Eastman's life. It was not easy, but the more difficult it became, the greater was his determination. Often he worked until long past midnight, and sometimes he did not seem to be anywhere nearer his object than when he began, several hours previously.

One day the manager of the bank spoke sharply to him because his fingers were stained with chemicals. "I am very sorry," he said, "but I cannot help it. The chemicals I use in making my photographic experiments stain my hands and I do not seem to be able to wash the marks away no matter how I try."

After spending every spare moment for two years George Eastman succeeded in inventing the dry plate. He hired a room over a store and with the help of one assistant began to manufacture plates, although he still held his position at the bank, for with a widowed mother to maintain he could not take too great chances. Before long, however, his plates sold so well that he left the bank and gave his whole time to manufacturing his now well-known dry plates. A photographer in New York saw them and gave him such a large order that George felt sure his fortune was made.

All went well for a time, then a crushing blow fell. People who had bought his plates and kept them unused for some months complained that the gelatine dried up and the plates lost their sensitiveness and were useless. Some dealers had bought large quantities of them from George Eastman and now they were no good whatever. Without one moment's hesitation George took back every plate he had sold and refunded the money, although doing that left him poor.

George was still very young when he had to meet this crushing blow, but he showed magnificent courage. "I will find out what is wrong," he said, "though it takes me years to do it." Over and over again he made plates, checking every detail with the greatest care in his anxious search. He refused to sell a single plate, and closed down his factory until he should find what the trouble was. So anxious was George Eastman during these days that, although quite young, his hair actually turned gray; disaster faced him and those who had become dependent upon him. Day and night, with tireless energy he sought the cause of the trouble. Sometimes he thought he almost had it, then it eluded him, and he seemed no nearer a solution of his problem than when he began. Then suddenly he found

out the cause of the trouble. When his first supply of gelatine became exhausted he had secured more, but this second lot did not give the same results. Strange to say it was some impurity in the first consignment of gelatine which had made excellent results possible. Soon his factory was doing business again and on a much larger scale than ever before; ceaseless work and amazing perseverance had its reward and George Eastman and his dry plates became better known than ever.

He knew there were still many other improvements to be made. The plates were of heavy glass, and after numberless experiments he succeeded in inventing the transparent film which could be rolled up and carried very easily. From the beginning this film was popular, and in a very short time all over the world they were being sold.

At this time George Eastman was approached by that wizard of invention, Thomas Alva Edison, who had just seen the transparent film. In those days there were no moving pictures, and with the exception of Thomas Edison no one believed such a thing was possible. But Eastman's transparent film was the very thing that Edison had been looking for, and immediately

the two inventors began to work together, and after experiments which lasted over a period of five years Edison perfected the first film projector, and before long that amazing invention, the moving picture, was born, made possible very largely because of George Eastman's discovery of the transparent film.

George Eastman continued to perfect his camera. He never was content to sit back and watch his business increase. He was continually on the search for improvements, and the fact that they were hard to find seemed to make him more determined than ever. His next invention was that of the folding camera which occupied much less space than the box cameras used previously, and yet was quite as effective, if not more so. After this he continued to work away at perfecting the lenses and eventually he succeeded in producing lenses so powerful and accurate that results in photography were achieved of which no one had ever dreamed.

How little George Eastman thought, sixty years ago, when he wanted to take a few pictures in the West Indies just to please his mother, that one result of that desire would be the commencing of a great business with branches around the entire world. To-day there is one Kodak factory

in the United States which alone employs more than twenty thousand people, and of course there are scores of Kodak factories elsewhere. Everything which has to do with photography is found in these wonderful buildings. Nearly a quarter million miles of moving-picture film are manufactured by the Kodak company every year.

No one can tell what the future of photography will be, nor of moving pictures, but it is impossible to think of these wonderful features of modern life without remembering the boy who toiled ceaselessly over the sink in his mother's kitchen, and whose amazing perseverance brought happiness to millions of people throughout the entire world.

CHAPTER VIII

HE FOUND HIS HAPPINESS IN HELPING OTHERS

OVER a hundred years ago an eleven-year-old boy named George Peabody, living at Danvers, Massachusetts, left school to work in a small store, that he might help his mother, who sorely needed whatever help his small earnings brought. In this little village store were all kinds of groceries, drugs, candies, and, in fact, a little of everything. For four years the boy worked in this store, gaining a good reputation among the village folk for his courtesy and unfailing good nature. Every cent he earned he gave to his widowed mother, but at the end of four years he longed for a chance to work elsewhere where his earnings would be larger. He spent a year with his grandparents at Thetford, in Vermont, and then went to work for his brother David, who had begun a small business at Newburyport, Massachusetts.

For a while all went well, but one evening when George was putting up the shutters of the

store he discovered fire, and promptly gave the alarm. It was too late, and a large portion of the business part of the town, including his brother's store, was destroyed, and once more George Peabody found himself without employment and with scarcely a dollar in the wide world.

Then something unexpected happened. There was a wholesale dry-goods merchant living in Newburyport named Mr. Riggs. For some time he had been watching George Peabody, and the boy's unfailing courtesy and pleasant manner had attracted him. George Peabody was still distressed over the fire and its results when Mr. Riggs approached him and offered him a position as partner in his business. George was only nineteen years of age at the time, but Mr. Riggs had quite made up his mind about the matter and so the partnership was formed.

For sixteen years George Peabody and Mr. Riggs worked together as a partnership on the happiest terms. George traveled on horseback through New York, Pennsylvania, Maryland, and Virginia, selling the firm's goods. His pleasing personality was largely responsible for the continual growth of the business. Soon branches were opened in New York City and in Phila-

delphia. Everything the partners attempted seemed to turn out well, and when at the end of sixteen years Mr. Riggs retired George Peabody found himself at the head of a large and flourishing business.

He had made several business trips to England, and he became convinced that there was need in London for an American banker with whom visitors from the United States could do business. He opened an office in Wanford Court, London, and before long this banker attracted a large and ever-increasing number of customers, who liked him for his frankness, honesty, and obliging ways.

The growth of George Peabody's banking business in London was little short of marvelous. Although living in a country not his own, his success from the start was assured, and never once did he look behind. He became as popular with the English as with the men from the United States, and before long the man who at fifteen was penniless was a millionaire, and the greatest people in the land were proud to call him their friend.

While still a comparatively young man George Peabody was in a position to follow out his wishes as very few could do. A millionaire sev-

eral times over, and the friend of princes, what should he do with his wealth? What use should he make of his time and money? It was just here that George Peabody did that which perhaps few others would have done. He had never married, and now had none dependent upon him, but he looked around for opportunities of doing good and of bringing happiness to others.

The little town of Danvers in Massachusetts, his birthplace, was about to celebrate its centennial, and of course he was invited. At the time he was unable to be present, but he sent a letter, and when the seal was opened it was found to contain a check for twenty thousand dollars for the erection of an institute and the establishment of a library. Later this generous gift was increased to two hundred and fifty thousand dollars. A magnificent building named the Peabody Institute was erected, and the name of the town itself was changed from Danvers to Peabody.

Four years later the Peabody Institute was formally opened and George Peabody, who was back in America after an absence of twenty years, was present. He received a great welcome from his townspeople, and after an address

had been read by the Governor of Massachusetts George Peabody responded in these words: "Though Providence has granted me unusual success in the pursuit of fortune in other lands, I am still in heart the humble boy who left yonder humble cottage many years ago. There is not a boy within the sound of my voice whose opportunities and advantages are not greater than were my own, and I have achieved nothing that is impossible to the humblest boy among you. Remember, however, that in order to be truly great it is not necessary that you should gain wealth and importance. Be true, be steadfast, be fearless, be honest; keep your record clean and pure, for these are the only things that make men really great."

George Peabody was eager to provide good music and pictures for the public, and in order that there might be an Academy of Music and an Art Gallery in the City of Baltimore he gave the sum of one million dollars.

During more than twenty years' residence in London he had been continually active in relieving distress. The squalor and dire misery in the slums of London stirred his sympathy, and in 1862 he called together some prominent citizens in London and proposed a plan for the erection

of a large number of neat homes for the aged and sick. He started the movement by a personal subscription of seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars.

Thirty or forty years before this, when living in Massachusetts with his widowed mother, George Peabody knew from personal experience what it was to be poor and every poorly clad boy or girl, or man or woman, stirred his sympathy. While he thanked God that riches had come to him, he never ceased to regard this money as something which had been given to him for a purpose.

He increased his givings to the London poor to three million dollars. Hundreds of dirty, filthy old dwellings were purchased in the slums, pulled down, and neat, comfortable homes were erected. Playgrounds for children and public parks were opened, and in that way whole districts were completely transformed.

George Peabody was presented with the freedom of London City, and Queen Victoria offered to make him a baron in recognition of his wonderful generosity toward the poor and his untiring labors on their behalf. He declined the title, but he was greatly pleased with the Queen's letter in which she referred to his gen-

erosity as being "Without parallel." He was the last man in the world to seek praise, but he was deeply touched by this letter and kept it as long as he lived.

By the time he was seventy George Peabody had given away over five million dollars and he was still responding to requests nearly every week. His attention turned more than ever to his native land. The emancipation of the Negroes had greatly pleased him, but he realized how much need there was among them for education. For this cause he gave the sum of three million dollars. To those who had charge of his affairs he said: "As I grow older my attachment to my native land grows stronger. My faith in its bright and glorious future grows stronger. . . . I feel most deeply that it is the duty and privilege of the more favored of our nation to assist those who are less fortunate."

This was how one millionaire felt about his money, and he was guided by his convictions. He gave one hundred and fifty thousand dollars to Yale College for a Museum of Natural History. He also gave an equal sum to Harvard College, besides a large number of gifts ranging from five thousand to one hundred thousand dollars to other worthy causes throughout the

land. He began life in a humble home and for many years was penniless, but it almost seemed as if he wished to give away all that he had before he died. His total givings exceeded nine million dollars.

George Peabody died on November 4, 1869. A great memorial service was held in Westminster Abbey when among those present were many of the greatest in Britain. Great Britain loaned her finest ship, the *Monarch*, to carry the body across the ocean, and very few men in the history of the United States have been more sincerely honored than this true Greatheart.

To become a millionaire does not mean that a man is great. But when a man becomes wealthy and yet remembers, with loving care, the poor and unfortunate as George Peabody did, he reminds one of those words of Jesus: "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

CHAPTER IX

AN AFRICAN PAGE BOY WHO BECAME A PRIME MINISTER

APOLO KAGWA was a page boy at the court when Kabaka Mtesa was King of Uganda. It was during the reign of Mtesa that Christianity first came to that land in Northern Africa. The King himself was a strange mixture. When the first missionary, Alexander MacKay, went there Mtesa seemed to be glad and showed him some kindness, but he was very changeable and MacKay's life was often in danger. The missionary was disgusted with Mtesa's conduct and wrote home: "Mtesa is a pagan out and out. He has all the faculties of lying, low cunning, hatred, pride, conceit, jealousy, cruelty, and complete ignorance of the value of human life, combined with vanity, greed, and want of control. All is self, self, self."

King Mtesa died in 1884, and his son Mwanga succeeded him, and if possible he was more cruel and selfish than his father. The page boy, Apolo

Kagwa, had now grown to be a youth of seventeen. He had been baptized and had joined the band of Christians whom Mwanga seemed determined to wipe out.

There seemed no limit to Mwanga's anger and cruelty. He had two boys—Kakumba and Lugalama—seized, and burned to death. Apolo Kagwa raised his voice in protest and was almost slain by the King; indeed, he bore the marks of his master's hand until the day of his death.

Mwanga was responsible for the arrest and murder of Bishop Hannington in 1885 and soon after persecution of the Christians became worse than ever. Thirty-two were burned to death by the King's express orders. When the chief executioner reported to Mwanga that he had never killed such brave people, for they died calling upon God, he only laughed and said: "But God did not deliver them from the fire." These things happened more than forty years ago, but even to-day there are Christians in Uganda whose lips were cut off in Mwanga's day for their confession of faith.

Apolo Kagwa, living in the court as he did, would doubtless have been put to death had it not been that he was so useful to the King. More and more Mwanga came to trust and to

depend upon him; so his life was spared. This was all the more surprising as Kagwa was quite fearless in acknowledging himself a Christian and even in rebuking the King for his treatment of Christians.

From being a page boy he was made bearer to the King, an office for which he was admirably fitted, as he was tall in stature and of fine appearance. After this he was made storekeeper to the King and general of his army.

Meanwhile the people were growing tired of Mwanga. He had all the vices of his father. Although Mtesa was cruel, he was a man of his word and seemed to know his own mind. Mwanga never seemed able to make up his mind about anything. The two rival nations in Uganda were Great Britain and Germany, and the King first favored one then the other. Apolo Kagwa was no longer a mere page boy in the court, he was the King's chief adviser, and what he had to say was always listened to with respect, but Mwanga had made so many enemies and was so changeable it became impossible to prop him up any longer and in 1901 he was deported to the Seychelles Islands.

The King's son and successor, Kabaka Dandi Chwa, was a mere infant, so three men were ap-

pointed to rule during the minority of the King. One of these was Apolo Kagwa, who was now appointed Katikiro, or Prime Minister, of Uganda. There was a national assembly made up of many representatives, and this body had important work to do, and the most prominent man in this assembly was Apolo Kagwa. Generally, with the young King seated at his side, the Prime Minister solemnly and with sound judgment conducted the affairs of the state.

Then in 1902 came an extraordinary experience for Kagwa: he was invited to London to attend the coronation of King Edward VII. For some years Uganda had been a British protectorate, and the Prime Minister was therefore asked to represent his people in Westminster Abbey when King Edward was crowned.

Kagwa was now thirty-seven years of age. He knew little of the world outside Uganda, but he gladly attended the ceremony to which he had been invited. On August 9, 1902, amid a scene of great magnificence, he took his stand side by side with many of the greatest statesmen and soldiers of the world in Westminster Abbey. In that throng were distinguished men and women of Great Britain and all her colonies; representatives from the United States, and from

more than a score of other nations. And this black man, a native of the African jungle, who for many years had been a mere page boy, took his stand among them and turned eyes full of wonder upon all that passed before him.

After the coronation he was received at Buckingham Palace by the newly crowned King, and then, eager to learn all that he could so as to benefit his people in far-off Uganda, he visited many great industrial centers eagerly asking all manner of questions. With him was his private secretary, Ham Mukasa, and after a day of sightseeing these two men sat together and talked far into the night of the wonders they had seen during the day.

How did this former page boy conduct himself when suddenly brought face to face with some of the most distinguished men living? Always and everywhere his dignity and good sense made a deep impression. The author of *Sons of Africa* thus describes his appearance: "Large of stature, broad in build, erect in carriage, he was an impressive figure especially in his robes of state. His friendliness was eager and forthcoming and expressed itself in innumerable forms. Hospitality was a delight to him, and in Uganda his beautiful house was used to the

full." This visit to England was the only time that Apolo Kagwa had been out of his native land, yet his humility and sound intelligence were a constant source of wonder to all who met him.

After his return to Uganda he took more interest than ever in missionary work among his people and showed his interest especially in the schools and medical work being done by Christian missionaries. Although he had never attended school one day in his life, he was exceedingly anxious that the boys and girls of Uganda should receive the best possible education, and so great was his interest in the schools that he knew nearly every boy in the Mango Boys High School by name. He loved to help distribute the awards on prize day and took as much interest in the boys as though they were his own sons.

Fortunately the young King, now grown to manhood, shared his views and soon the country underwent a great transformation. "He, with forty other chiefs, drew up and signed a document giving liberty to all their slaves. He cared about better houses and sanitation for the people. He knew the value of publicity and got out a little printing-press from England from

which he issued pamphlets on subjects useful to farmers in rural areas. He believed in manual labor and in industrial work and sometimes gave a lesson in bricklaying or carpentry. When clay was needed for a new cathedral he joined the long stream of men, women, and children carrying clay to the site, the only difference being that his load was heavier than the rest."

Sir Apolo Kagwa—for he was knighted during his visit to England—died in February, 1927, at the age of sixty-two. Few men in the course of a lifetime have lived to see such great changes for good in their own land. When he was born there was not one school in all Uganda; when he died there was a network of schools all over the land. Furthermore, he was born at a time when there were no Christians of his race in Uganda; before his death there were many thousands with a vast number of native teachers and ministers.

In these things he greatly rejoiced for he was a sincere Christian who, whether he served as a humble page boy or as Prime Minister of his people, was always loyal and true, free from self-seeking, only thinking of the good he could do.

CHAPTER X

AN IMMIGRANT BOY WHO MADE NEWSPAPERS FAIR AND FEARLESS

IN THE summer of 1864 a seventeen-year-old lad named Joseph Pulitzer, from Hungary, landed in the United States. His eyes were weak and while he was very tall—over six feet—it seemed as if he had grown so fast that in other ways he was under-developed. The Civil War was on and he joined the Northern army. From the beginning he seemed to get into trouble. He could not speak English, and he was quick to resent any kind of unfairness. Some officers took a delight in tormenting him in mean ways, and one day Joseph lost his temper and struck one of them. This was a serious offense, and if it had not been for one official who was sorry for him he would have been most severely punished.

After the war was over he returned to New York with only two or three dollars in his pocket. He had picked up some knowledge of English but still spoke with a strong accent and made many mistakes. He received a pension of

thirteen dollars a month from the army and it was a good thing he did as this was all he had to live on for some time. The city swarmed with men who had been soldiers, and as most of them were native born it was easier for them to get work. Joe Pulitzer decided to go to St. Louis and seek work there. Someone had stolen his overcoat, and all he had to sell in order to get food was a silk handkerchief for which someone gave him seventy-five cents.

After many hardships he arrived at the East Side of St. Louis one cold rainy night in October, 1865. He found that there was a big river to cross by ferry but he hadn't a cent of money. He got a job on this ferryboat shoveling coal into the boiler but found the work frightfully hard as he had never attempted anything like that before. He made several trips back and forth across the river that night and in the morning walked into St. Louis.

For a time he tried everything. He was not strong, his eyes, especially, were weak, but what he lacked in strength he made up in determination to get ahead, so he tackled one job after another. He took charge of sixteen mules. The weather was extremely hot and the mules were very stubborn. He said: "Any man who has

not cared for sixteen mules does not know what troubles are." After this he worked on a river steamer where he did several things, from firing the boiler to unloading the boat. He even tried being a waiter in a restaurant but he was not much of a success at that job. He was quite nervous when handling trays of food, and so one day, after he landed a beefsteak with gravy on a customer's head, he was fired. Then he worked with a construction gang until his blistered fingers nearly dropped off. Sometimes he was out of work for days at a time and often went hungry. He was very fond of apples and more than once one or two apples lasted him a whole day.

Soon he learned to speak English fairly well, and whenever he had an hour to spare he spent it in reading some good book. This love of reading was something which Joseph Pulitzer retained all his life. He generally reached home in the evenings tired and hungry, but after a meal and a rest he was ready and eager for a good book; before very long he had a good knowledge of history and literature. When a discussion started among his friends he could more than hold his own, and his astonished workmates often asked: "Where does Joe get all his information?"

At this time a reporter was need for the *Westliche Post*, a St. Louis newspaper. Joseph Pulitzer applied for the position although he had slender hopes of getting it. When he was notified that he had secured the place he could hardly believe the news. For hours he seemed dazed and to be walking on air. It was like a dream.

He was determined to make good. There were many things against him and his appearance was one of them. He was six feet two and as lanky as could be. His eyesight was defective and he spoke English with a decided foreign accent. When he went around the city seeking news he was often laughed at and sometimes snubbed. But one thing Joe had in his favor and that was unfailing good nature. Most of the time he was smiling and when he laughed one could hear him half a block away. Even those who teased him said Joe was "a good sport." Before long he was one of the most popular reporters on the paper.

His work was first-class. He went everywhere in search of news and he generally got it. Naturally the editors were pleased. One day an editor overheard a reporter teasing Joe. He promptly said to him: "If your work were as good as Pulit-

zer's I would be well satisfied." Joe was quick and intelligent. There wasn't a lazy bone in his body. He often worked twelve hours a day and even more, and with it all he was courteous and obliging.

He steadily rose on the staff of the *Westliche Post* until he became editor and part owner of the paper. He made certain resolutions when he reached this position of influence. One was that he would never have articles in his paper which ridiculed immigrants. He had been ridiculed so often himself that he wanted to save others as much as possible from similar experiences. Then, again, he had seen many unjust and cruel things taking place and he decided to use his influence in favor of fair play. He said: "I want to see everybody—even the very poorest—get a square deal. I stand for fair play for all."

Joseph Pulitzer had been poor—very poor—and he felt for all who were struggling. He was honest and he liked honest, straightforward people. He used to say: "I love the men who go out every morning with stout hearts to support their wives and children; the men who are decent and self-respecting and anxious to get on in the world."

In 1878 Joseph Pulitzer bought the *Post-Despatch*, a St. Louis paper which had run down in circulation. It was a venture for him, as it cost all he had. It proved a wise move, for under his direction it took on a new lease of life, and circulation went up by leaps and bounds. All over the state people liked the clear, fair, and fearless stand the newspaper took, and within five years—when he was just thirty-six years of age—Joseph Pulitzer was a rich man and one of the best-known editors in the United States.

On May 19, 1883, Joseph Pulitzer bought the *New York World*. Up to that time it was the greatest venture of his life. The price paid was three hundred and forty-eight thousand dollars and the new owner and editor knew he was taking a risk. But into this new venture he put all his tremendous energy, his ideas of fair play, and his increasing knowledge of the newspaper business.

From the day Joseph Pulitzer took it over the "*World*" prospered. Soon the circulation doubled; then in a year or two it doubled again. He did things in his own way, and his way was generally a sensible one. His newspaper became one of the most influential in the world, and be-

fore long he, who had been a homeless, hungry, and often discouraged immigrant, became a millionaire several times over. Like every other man in public life he made enemies, but they respected him for his honesty and straight speaking.

It seems a sad thing that soon after he reached the height of his greatness Pulitzer's eyesight left him almost entirely. One day, when he was traveling abroad, he was standing on the deck of the steamer at Constantinople, when he turned to his secretary and said "How suddenly it has become dark." The man said, "It is not dark." "Well, it is dark to me," said Pulitzer. For the time being, at least, his eyesight had almost left him, and while he was not totally blind there seemed little vision left. He consulted a physician as soon as possible, and for many weeks he was compelled to remain in a darkened room. There was some temporary recovery, but his eyesight gradually became worse, and for several years before his death he was almost blind.

In many other ways his health was poor, for even as a boy he had been delicate, and long years of hardship had told upon him. But his spirit was brave and his interest in the world around him was truly wonderful.

The Statue of Liberty, now at the entrance

to New York harbor, had been completed in France by Auguste Bartholdi, but although a committee had been formed to erect a proper pedestal for it nothing had been done, and it began to look as if the magnificent figure would never cross the Atlantic. Pulitzer came to the rescue. Through the *World* he made an earnest appeal for one hundred thousand dollars, and in a few months the entire amount was raised by public subscription. The statue was erected and dedicated on October 28, 1886.

Notwithstanding poor health and partial blindness Joseph Pulitzer became one of the great philanthropists of his generation. He believed that newspaper editors and reporters ought to be well-educated men, and one of the dreams of his life was to establish a school of journalism at Columbia University. He thought out his plans for this most carefully, giving years of his life to perfecting the scheme. In April, 1903, the school was begun and as a first donator Pulitzer gave two hundred thousand dollars. Later his contributions were repeated until his givings to the school of journalism totaled well over a million dollars.

His busy and useful life came to an end on October 30, 1911. He was aboard his yacht sail-

ing southward and had left New York harbor about thirty-six hours when the end came. His attendant was reading to him. "Softly, quite softly," said Pulitzer. These were his last words. His passing was as gentle as the dying of the wind.

When his will was made public it was seen how very wide his interests were. It seemed as if every branch of newspaper work was remembered. He provided annual awards for those who were rendering good services in journalism: reporters, novelists, essayists, and cartoonists. To improve the tone of newspapers was one of the passions of his life, and the reading public owe him their gratitude.

But he had many other interests. He left half a million dollars to the Philharmonic Society of New York City. He endowed a large number of scholarships which were open to poor youths anxious to get an education. He left over nine hundred thousand dollars to the Metropolitan Art Museum of New York City, so that a vast number of people might see some of the finest pictures ever painted. The sum of fifty thousand dollars was left for the purpose of erecting a public fountain in Central Park, New York.

In addition to these gifts there were scores of

others which revealed how often he thought of the hard struggles of many people and how he wished to help them. When he died, at the age of sixty-four, he left over eighteen million dollars, but he never forgot his own hard struggle for victory and, as far as possible, he wanted others to share the benefits of his amazing success.

CHAPTER XI

THE BEST KNOWN MAN IN THE WORLD

SIXTY years ago there was a ten-year-old boy living on a farm in Michigan who came to the conclusion that there was too much work to be done on the farm. In those days practically everything around the farm was done by hand, and this was where young Henry Ford—for that was the boy's name—thought a mistake was being made. "Some day," he said, "many of these hard jobs on the farm will be done by machinery, and farm people will have a much better time."

One day a friend of his named Will Bennett showed Henry Ford a watch which his grandfather had given him. Henry had often seen but never really handled a watch before. Full of eagerness and excitement he took it in his hands. "It isn't going, Will," he said, "how would you like me to fix it for you?" Will was agreeable, and the two went into a barn where Henry took the watch apart. The two boys stayed there for hours, for there wasn't anything

in the whole world that interested Henry Ford so much as machinery of any kind. His hands trembled with excitement at the chance to tinker with a real watch. It was several hours before the parents of the boys found them, and even then the lads did not want to be disturbed. "If you would only leave me alone," grumbled Henry, "I could fix the watch all right."

Henry Ford was a born engineer, and he always seemed to be dreaming about machinery. He used to walk around the school playground with pockets full of nuts, bolts, nails, screws, and a dozen other things that had to do with machines of various kinds.

When he was sixteen his mother died, and soon afterward he decided to seek a job in the neighboring city of Detroit. There were great engineering works there, and for years the lad had cast longing eyes in that direction. One morning he boarded the train for Detroit, and a few hours afterward he walked into the James Flower Engine Works. He was shown into the office of the foreman. "Will you give me a job in these works?" Henry nervously asked. The foreman looked him over sharply. "What can you do?" he said. "I am willing to try anything if I can only get a start," the lad replied.

The foreman gave him a position at two dollars and a half a week, and Henry started to work the following morning. The hours were long—from seven in the morning until six in the evening. He did not mind that, but he was worried about the wages, for he knew he could not pay his way in Detroit on so small a salary. Just here his habit of tinkering with watches came to his assistance. For several years he had spent a great deal of time taking watches to pieces and putting them together again. Whenever any of his friends was having trouble with a watch, Henry would say, "I'll fix your watch for you." Sometimes he fixed it so well that it never went again; but by the time he was sixteen Henry was a fairly good watch repairer, in spite of the fact that he had not proper tools.

He walked into a jeweler's store in Detroit and offered to work in the evenings. The man liked his appearance and admired his ambition and there and then agreed to pay him two dollars a week if he would work four hours each evening. So for a long time Henry Ford worked at two jobs; these kept him employed from seven in the morning until eleven at night.

Later on, Henry got a job in the Drydock Engine Works which was more to his liking, and,

besides, he was soon earning enough money there to enable him to cease working at the jeweler's. His evenings were free and every spare moment he had was spent on studying machinery. He even thought of starting to manufacture cheap watches. He believed he could make useful watches that could be sold at one dollar each.

His amazing inventive genius soon made him well known and popular around the factory where he was employed. It got to be something of a joke that when anything went wrong somebody would say: "Send for Henry Ford, he'll soon fix it." Repairing jobs that most young men would have considered a nuisance and waste of time, Henry Ford was eager to tackle, as he knew that it was all valuable experience and he was constantly getting new ideas.

What seemed like an end to all his hopes came when his older brother became too ill to carry on the farm, and Henry had to leave Detroit and return home. Henry did not want to go but he felt it was the call of duty, and he obeyed the call. It was during this term on the farm that he married, and fortunately for him his young wife was keenly interested in his ideas for improving machinery.

One evening when he was reading an engineer-

ing magazine Henry Ford read about a Frenchman who had invented a "horseless carriage." Certainly it appeared to be a crude affair, and most people evidently regarded the whole thing as a joke—not so Henry Ford. Over and over again he read the article and although he said little to anyone except his young wife, the idea of the Ford car was born in his mind.

When on a visit to Detroit he saw a steam fire engine rush down the street to a fire. Such a thing was a great novelty in those days, but of all the curious crowd there were no spectators so excited as Henry Ford. He got a close view of the engine. "Too bad that such a huge boiler is needed," he said. Yet a big, heavy, huge boiler did seem to be necessary in order to get sufficient power. For two whole years, while still doing the work of the farm, Henry Ford experimented with different kinds of steam boilers, trying his best to get enough power with a smaller and lighter boiler. His attempts were unsuccessful, and he came to the conclusion that a steam engine could never be made light enough to run a road vehicle.

All this time the work on the farm had to be done. There was land to be plowed, hay to be cut, cattle to be fed, and a dozen other things

awaiting attention, and to tell the truth Henry wasn't interested in doing them. One day a neighbor's engine which was fed with vaporized petrol went wrong, and because everyone knew how expert he was Henry Ford was sent for. While repairing this machine the thought came to him: "Why could not gasoline be used to drive a car in place of steam? Then the big, clumsy boiler would not be necessary." He made up his mind that he would not rest until he had invented a gasoline engine powerful enough to drive a car along the roads.

Soon after this Henry Ford and his wife moved into Detroit and lived in one room. He secured a position with the Edison Electric Lighting and Power Company. One day an engine on the works went wrong, and no one seemed to know the reason. Henry Ford was given a chance to repair it, and in a few hours the machine was running again. His salary was increased so that he was able to buy a home of his own. He secured one with a good big barn in the rear which he used as a workshop.

Here he began to work harder than ever to invent his horseless carriage. He worked twelve hours a day at the Edison Works and several hours each evening in his workshop. No won-

der his wife complained that she saw little of him. This went on for nearly three years and then one night—or rather one morning at three o'clock—his machine was completed.

Would this horseless carriage go? It was raining heavily at the time, but Henry Ford and his wife pushed the machine out to the street and Henry got onto a board that served as a seat, and he turned on the gas. The machine moved slowly along. It went unevenly; it puffed and spluttered and jerked, but it did move along, and we may be sure there were no happier people in Detroit that rainy morning than Henry Ford and his wife.

It was in 1893 that he drove his first car down the streets of Detroit. No circus ever attracted a more amused crowd. Many people laughed loudly but others became angry. This Ford car frightened the horses and caused such a commotion that traffic was blocked. If Henry Ford left his car for one minute some curious person would try to start it and there would be more trouble. Ford found it necessary to carry along a chain and padlock and fasten his machine to a street lamp or telephone pole. As the police didn't like the fuss he was making, he had to get a special license signed by the mayor of the

city, and so Henry Ford got the first automobile license ever issued.

After running the car around Detroit for a few weeks Henry Ford sold it for two hundred dollars and began immediately to work on a better machine. He continued to work for the Edison Company, but eventually he realized that his mind was so taken up with improving his automobile that he decided to give all his time to it. On August 15, 1899, he gave up his job and went into business for himself.

By this time there were several automobiles on the market but they were all alike in one respect: they were so expensive that only rich people could own them. "I will make a car," said Henry Ford, "that working people can own; it will run well and will bring pleasure to millions of people." A group of wealthy business men who admired Ford's unceasing energy and his inventive ability furnished the money to begin the motor company. But these men had a fixed idea, and that was to manufacture a limited number of high-priced cars. With this policy Henry Ford sharply disagreed, and in 1902 he resigned from that company and went into business for himself where he could carry out his own plans.

The idea had not dawned on people that motoring was something which ordinary folks could enjoy. All over the world now there was a mania for speed cars, and racing became a fad. Although he was not much interested in speed Ford built two cars which for speed could hold their own with the fastest of that day; then he turned his attention to the manufacture of cheap but well-made cars.

The Ford Motor Company was formed in 1903. Ford built a small two-cylinder car and entered a race against much bigger and heavier cars. When Ford's two-cylinder machine beat the others the spectators were amazed, but that race helped to make him famous and his success was assured.

The Ford Motor Company began in a carpenter's shop in Detroit. All the parts were manufactured elsewhere, and Ford had them assembled when they came from the various factories. The first year he sold 1,708 cars, but he was dissatisfied because the price was too high. He reduced the price to six hundred dollars and in that year he sold 8,423 cars. Mass production began in earnest, and before long Henry Ford had easily outdistanced all his rivals, and his "tin Lizzies" were seen everywhere.

At the present time—1929—it is estimated that twenty million Ford cars have been sold. His plant soon became one of the largest manufacturing concerns in the world with thousands of employees.

One day Henry Ford was walking through the factory when he thought he saw a dissatisfied look on the face of an employee. He tried to put himself in this man's place. He said: "If I were in that man's shoes would I be satisfied?" At that time nearly all the employees were getting two dollars and forty cents a day. Ford consulted his managers and kept increasing the wages until he finally announced that the daily wage would be five dollars—the highest wage scale ever paid by a great company. That was more than twenty years ago, when wages were not nearly so high as they are now. From that day to this Henry Ford has kept wages as high as possible.

What has been the result? This is what Dr. William Stidger says in his book on Henry Ford: "I dressed like a working man and went to the Ford Motor Works. I must have appeared like a man looking for a job. I talked with every type: men who were educated and men who were ignorant; men who were American-born

and others who could hardly speak a word of English. I talked with them on the street cars, in shops, in offices, everywhere I got a chance, and *I did not find one dissatisfied employee.* I did not find a single knocker. I did not hear one complaint."

Mr. Ford determined to find a place for men who had been severely handicapped in life but who could do some one thing about as well as anybody else. A large group of blind men are employed at doing work where eyesight is not needed, and their wages are as high as any other men in the plant. No wonder those men are happy, contented, and enjoy a sense of independence. There are a thousand men employed who have some symptoms of tuberculosis, and a special diet is prepared for them so that they may get well while they are earning good money. Mr. Ford says: "We have had a survey of jobs made in the plant, jobs that cripples can do. We have found that there are three thousand jobs that cripples can do as well, if not better, than perfectly well men. We have 670 jobs that can be done by legless men; 2,637 jobs that can be filled by men with only one leg; two jobs that can be filled by armless men, and 715 jobs that can be filled by men with only one arm. To be

exact, we have 9,563 sub-standard men at work in the factory."

Mr. Ford has subscribed seven million dollars toward a hospital which is one of the finest institutions of its kind in the world. No doubt a great deal more of his money will be given to this hospital, for whenever a true need is presented Mr. Ford has been very generous.

A visitor to the Ford Motor Works finds that the cars go to almost every part of the world. One sees cars destined for the various countries in Europe, for India, Africa, Siberia, Australia, and some to places of which the ordinary person has never heard.

Mr. Ford is the richest man in the world to-day. Perhaps there has never been a richer man in all history, and every dollar has been earned honestly. Few employers have been more anxious for the safety and comfort of employees than has this Michigan farm boy, and no one has been more anxious that other folks should share his prosperity than Henry Ford.

CHAPTER XII

A SCOTCH BOY WHO BECAME THE GREATHEART OF THE CANADIAN WEST

ONE hundred years ago an adventurous Scotchman, named John Stewart, who had spent many years in the Canadian West, returned to visit his people in Scotland. His life had been full of adventure. He had thrilling tales to tell of the trappers and Indians among whom he had lived many years. He had crossed the continent and passed over the Rocky Mountains, about which at that time little was known. He had been a companion of Simon Fraser who discovered the Fraser River, which bears his name. For many years Stewart had been in the service of the Hudson's Bay Company, latterly serving as Chief Factor at Lesser Slave Lake.

Among those who listened to John Stewart was his sixteen-year-old nephew, Donald Smith. The great Canadian West with its wide open spaces and its mighty lakes and rivers where men hunted and fished to their hearts' content all

seemed to Donald Smith a beckoning paradise. He made up his mind that he, too, would enter the service of the Hudson's Bay Company. His parents objected, but Donald's mind was made up, and in 1838, when he was just eighteen years of age, he sailed for Canada and became a servant of the Hudson's Bay Company.

Donald Smith was engaged at a salary of one hundred dollars a year and board. His first job was to count muskrat skins in the fur warehouse at Montreal. From this he proceeded to handle the skins of beaver, marten, fox, otter, and mink. He was instructed how to gauge the quality and value of the different furs and even to tell from whence they came. The Governor of the Hudson's Bay Company at that time was Sir George Simpson. He was stern and autocratic and for some reason he seemed to take a dislike to Donald Smith. He sent him to the distant post of Tadousac where the loneliness and isolation must have been a severe trial for the young Scotch lad, but if he felt these things he kept his thoughts to himself; never once did he whimper or complain.

In 1847 his eyes were giving him great trouble, and he wrote to Sir George Simpson asking if he might have permission to make the long jour-

ney to Montreal in order to consult an eye specialist. He received no answer to his letter, and as his eyes were getting worse and he was threatened with blindness, he went to Montreal without receiving permission.

Sir George Simpson's anger was aroused by Donald Smith's action. As a punishment he appointed him to one of the loneliest stations the Company had—that at Esquimaux Bay in Northern Labrador. Furthermore, he was only given thirty minutes in which to get ready. For a moment Donald Smith hesitated; then firmly he said: "I will go," and in half an hour he had begun the long journey which was to take several months.

Two Indians set out with him when he left Montreal. One of these Indians died from hardship on the way, while Donald Smith and the other were reduced to eating moss to sustain life. The hardships of that journey were terrible. More than once Donald Smith and his companion were lost in blizzards and snowstorms as they trudged along with their snowshoes, but the young man's determination and courage never left him and at last he arrived at his post where he was to remain for many long years.

Banishment to Northern Labrador would have broken the heart of most men. It meant a life of loneliness amid the dreary solitudes of that cold, barren land. His only companions, with very few exceptions, were the half-breeds and Indians with whom he traded. Often the thermometer sank to fifty degrees below zero, and there were few of the comforts and none of the luxuries which he had known in his home in Scotland. Visitors, and sometimes residents, have often termed Labrador a "God-forsaken land."

On this bleak and lonely coast Donald Smith married and established a home; such a home as he had made had never been seen in Labrador. He was the first man to have a farm, a vegetable garden, and a flower garden on Labrador; also he made the first good road ever built there. He was never content with things as he found them; he ever sought to improve and beautify them. He imported from Scotland cows, sheep, horses, poultry, and short as the summer is there he grew such crops as filled the native Indians and Eskimos with wonder and amazement. Plants which would not grow in the open air, he grew under glass. He actually had seven acres of land under cultivation, a large portion

of which was under glass. Labrador is a vast land, but in all that country there was no home such as Donald Smith made for himself.

He lived in the far north for nearly thirty years and then in 1868, when he was forty-eight years old, he was transferred to the Company's headquarters in Montreal. Here, after many long years, he met his cousin George Stephen—afterward Lord Mount Stephen. George Stephen was a wealthy business man and had lived amid luxury all his life; Donald Smith came from living thirty years in the Northern wilderness. When the two met they were certainly a contrast. Donald carried a brightly colored carpet bag, and he entered his cousin's office while his wife and child, their arms full of brown paper parcels, stood outside. He was from the wild Northland and he certainly looked it.

At first George Stephen seemed none too pleased at the sight of his cousin, but that feeling did not last long. He soon found that this cousin of his was a man of extraordinary energy and ability and he became prouder of him every day.

Canada in 1868 was a very different country from what it is to-day. Railways had not opened up the great West and that vast, fertile land,

now the wheat granary for the world, was comparatively little known except to some adventurous spirits who had pushed on, facing hardships and doing pioneering work.

Just about the time that Donald Smith came out of the wilderness there was a rebellion in the Canadian West, led by a clever and unscrupulous half-breed named Louis Riel. This man managed to inflame the passions of a number of discontented Indians and others, and the situation became serious. Donald Smith was sent by the Dominion Government at Ottawa to pour oil on the troubled waters, and this he did so well that he earned the praise, not only of the Canadian Government, but of the British authorities. In kindness, courtesy, and tact Donald Smith had few equals, and so the man who had lived in obscurity for thirty years became one of the most popular and talked-of men on the continent.

To have some share in the opening up of the Canadian West became Donald Smith's greatest ambition. The first consignment of iron rails for Canada arrived from England in 1847, and these were used over a few miles of tracks. Transportation to and from the West was uncertain and unsatisfactory. The attention of the Cana-

dian Government was drawn to the subject, and when it was suggested that there might be a Canadian railroad stretching from the Atlantic to the Pacific wise men shook their heads at what they thought was an impossible feat. The vast resources of the country were little known and money was scarce. The West was little more than a vast plain with some hundreds of Indians, half-breeds, fur-traders, and a sprinkling of English, Irish, and Scotch settlers. How could a railroad be made to pay? Then besides all the other difficulties there was range after range of great mountains forming a barrier that seemed to defy all engineering skill. No wonder men thought the proposal was absurd.

Donald Smith believed that the railroad could be built, and to see it done became the greatest ambition of his life. In March, 1871, he was elected to represent the division of Selkirk in the Dominion Parliament and in the newspapers—indeed, wherever and whenever he had an opportunity he strongly urged the building of the railroad. It was a long, hard, and sometimes bitter fight that Donald Smith and others had to wage, but at last they were victorious and the road was built. Of course an enormous sum of money had to be arranged for, and to four

men: Donald Smith, James J. Hill, George Stephen, and Mr. Kittson, belongs the credit of successfully making the financial arrangements.

It is said that during the years of uncertainty and opposition, Donald Smith had three sayings which formed the basis of his arguments: "It can be done. It should be done. It shall be done." Once, after he had received a setback, a man told him that his railway scheme was dead. "It is not dead," said Donald Smith, "and within ten years you and I, my friend, will be riding across Canada on the Canadian Pacific Railroad." And he was right.

Nobody likes to be ridiculed and laughed at, but Donald Smith got a little more than his share of this. Cartoonists held up his plans to ridicule and drew pictures of a train crawling through a desolate country only to be stared at by wandering Indians and buffalos, but when the railroad was eventually built even his enemies were generous in their praise of a man who remained undaunted in face of ridicule and opposition.

The last spike was driven in by Donald Smith and he received a telegram of congratulation from Queen Victoria. In the British House of Commons Lord Lansdowne said: "The con-

struction of the Canadian Pacific Railway stands alone in the history of great achievements in railway building."

The first train to undertake the journey of 2,900 miles from Montreal to the Pacific left Montreal on June 28, 1886, amid scenes of great enthusiasm. It was also chiefly owing to the unflagging enterprise of Donald Smith that the famous line of "Empress" steamships was begun in connection with the transcontinental railway system.

As a recognition of his great services to the Dominion, Donald Smith was knighted by the Queen and became Sir Donald Smith. A still greater honor awaited him when some years later he was made a peer and became known as "Lord Strathcona." In the meantime he had become head of the great Hudson's Bay Company. The lad who in 1838 left his home in Scotland and was sent to one of the humblest positions in the service of the Company lived to become its chief administrator, holding the highest position the Company had to offer.

Lord Strathcona was appointed Canada's High Commissioner to Great Britain, and it has often been said that from many standpoints he was the most valuable High Commissioner

that Canada has ever had. Other great honors came to him. He was granted degrees from the universities of Cambridge, Glasgow, and Aberdeen, and from many other places came recognition of his unselfish and useful life.

Lord Strathcona lived to be a very old man. He was a man of temperate habits, a non-smoker, and a very light eater. Almost up to the time of his death he walked erect and his mind was clear and keen. He died at London, England, on January 21, 1914, and was buried beside his wife, who had passed away just a few weeks previously. His memory is a magnificent inspiration to every honest, ambitious lad.

CHAPTER XIII

A BOY WHO SOUGHT HEALTH AND FOUND NEW KINGDOMS

ONE day a sixteen-year-old English boy named Cecil Rhodes stood in the consulting room of a London physician. "It is my ambition to enter Oxford University," he said. There was a good deal of sympathy in the doctor's voice when he answered: "I regret to tell you that you must not remain in England; you are threatened with consumption and your only hope is to seek a drier climate." Then, although the boy did not see it, the doctor made this entry in his case book: "Examined Cecil John Rhodes—this boy cannot live more than six months."

Cecil Rhodes had a brother farming in Natal, South Africa, and he promptly made up his mind to join him. In 1870, when he was seventeen, Cecil Rhodes went to his brother in Natal. For a while the two engaged in cotton growing. Both brothers resolved that when they had saved sufficient money they would return to Oxford and study. Cecil carried out his determina-

tion, but Herbert, who was a restless youth, kept on roving until he died. The poor fellow was burned to death in a hut which caught fire while he was asleep.

Soon after Cecil Rhodes arrived in South Africa diamonds were found at Kimberley, and the brothers became deeply interested. Although still in his teens Cecil became superintendent of a gang of Kaffirs, and by his amazing energy and skill he soon saved so much that he was able to return to England and commence his studies at Oxford. Before he returned to England, however, he went on a solitary journey, lasting eight months, through parts of South Africa little known to white men. Traveling in a clumsy ox wagon at the rate of fifteen to twenty miles a day, he explored the land north of the Orange Vaal and Limpopo rivers. He saw Pretoria for the first time and then made his way through the Transvaal to Kimberley. This journey made a profound impression upon the nineteen-year-old settler. "Surely," he said to himself, "there can be no country anywhere so great in agricultural possibilities, so rich in mineral wealth, and yet so little known."

While studying at Oxford he paid frequent visits to South Africa and when, in 1881, he

realized his great ambition of obtaining an Oxford degree, he immediately returned to South Africa. He loved the country and the people; besides, he had found health, and except for a slight weakness of voice all symptoms of consumption had vanished. Once when in London he called to see the physician who had given him only six months to live, but the physician himself was dead.

After his return to South Africa Cecil Rhodes rapidly became a man of great wealth and influence. He was only twenty-eight years old when he was elected to the Cape Assembly. His great ambition was to see Africa British from the Cape to Cairo. This was an impossible dream, and it accounts no doubt for the fact that, big-hearted, generous, and capable though he was, he made many enemies.

In 1890—while still a comparatively young man—he became Prime Minister of the Cape. It was a position demanding endless tact and patience; there were so many different nations and races that bitter jealousies were easily stirred up. Fortunately he gained the confidence of the natives, both black and white, and very few men could have done as well under the circumstances.

In the meantime the diamond mines of Kimberley provided riches of which men had never dreamed. Rhodes became one of the wealthiest men in the world, and as his tastes and manner of living were very simple his wealth accumulated. He had extraordinary capacity for hard work; he seldom seemed tired. In his *Life of Cecil Rhodes* Philip Jourdan gives such a long list of the positions held by Rhodes that one thinks he must have had the brains and strength of six ordinary man. It is no wonder that the one word which he detested more than any other was "cannot." He often said he wished there were no such word in the English language.

His power over the natives was unusual, almost uncanny. No doubt the secret of this was his deep respect, amounting to real affection, for them. Few things angered him more than to hear white men speak in mistrust or contempt of the black men. A close student of his life wrote: "He liked the black folk. All his servants were natives. He was kind to them but firm; he behaved to them as a father to his children. All he could do for the comfort of the many thousands who worked for him in the mines, he did readily. He took care that all natives should get just treatment, and he never failed to show

his sympathy with and deep affection for them. He treated them as human beings, and they knew it and in their hearts they loved him."

Once when the Matabele tribe rebelled against the whites and had been driven behind the huge Matoppo Hills, Cecil Rhodes decided that even if it cost him his life he would attempt to settle the dispute without further bloodshed. He approached their position and for six weeks camped so near to them that they could have raided his hut any time they chose. At last the natives invited him to a conference among the hills. He accepted; all unarmed he rode into their retreat among the hills knowing full well that he was at their mercy.

It was a critical moment and anything might have happened. Around Rhodes were gathered the angry chiefs with their weapons of war. But his confidence in them deeply touched the black sons of the jungle and forest. Tenderly but frankly he talked with them, and at last one of the chiefs took up a stick and threw it upon the ground. "That is my gun, that is my spear," he said. "I throw them down at your feet." Love and honor had triumphed over suspicion and hate, and Rhodes' place in the confidence of the black men was greater than ever.

Cecil Rhodes made mistakes, but there can be no doubt that one of the unfortunate results of his great influence in the diamond mines was his association with many men who were greedy for money but had little true principle. His association with these men gave a wrong impression to multitudes who misjudged him. Although outwardly he was stern those who understood him best knew that he had a tender heart, although, strange to say, this was something he tried to hide. He was a man who never allowed his left hand to know what his right hand did, and hundreds of people received kindnesses and help from him who never knew who their benefactor was.

He lived long enough to understand that his desire to see all Africa British could never be realized. He learned that no one nation should be so powerful as that and, in his later years, he eagerly welcomed all who were willing to help Africa. The great state of Rhodesia was named after him. It is a vast state of over 400,000 square miles and to-day, with its prosperous farmsteads and healthy people, its fertile soil and bracing climate, it has fulfilled all the glowing things that Cecil Rhodes prophesied for it.

Cecil Rhodes died on March 26, 1902, at a

little cottage on the African Coast, and was buried, according to his instructions, among the Matoppos Hills. His last words were: "So much to do. So little done." His will was in some respects one of the most remarkable ever made. He never married and had no near relatives to whom he might leave his fortune. He left a vast sum of money to provide scholarships for students from every part of the British Empire and the United States to attend Oxford University. It is doubtful whether even the naming of a great state like Rhodesia after him will serve as so great a monument as the establishment of these scholarships, which already have benefitted several thousand students.

Previous to his burial literally thousands of wreaths were sent by those who wished to express their respect and sympathy. One of these came from Her Majesty, Queen Victoria, but probably no tribute was more significant than the deep and sincere sorrow of the Matabele tribe led by their King, Moselikatse. So the great man was laid to rest in his lonely grave among the Matoppos Hills according to his wish. On the tombstone are the simple words: "Here lie the remains of Cecil John Rhodes."

CHAPTER XIV

HE MADE ONE OF THE GREATEST DISCOVERIES OF ALL TIME

NEARLY two centuries ago a boy was born at Greenock in Scotland whose delicate health made it inadvisable for him to attend school regularly as did other lads of the town. This boy was James Watt, and his mother, who had previously lost several children, was especially careful of him. She taught him herself as best she could, and although never a brilliant scholar James could read and write and spell as well as the boys who were privileged to attend school.

Before he learned either to read or write, James Watt showed an unusual interest in everything mechanical. When toys were given to him he would take them apart and put them together again. Often for hours at a time he would be content to amuse himself in this way and later, when he was able to draw, he would work out problems in geometry with chalk on the hearth.

Sometimes James would gaze intently at a

boiling kettle, wondering how it was that occasionally the steam would raise the lid; or holding a spoon over a jet of steam would watch it condense into tiny drops. One day his deep interest in these things annoyed his aunt. "James Watt," she said, "I never saw such an idle boy; take a book or employ yourself usefully. For the last hour you have not spoken one word; all you have done is to take the lid off that kettle and put it on again; first holding a cup then a spoon over the steam, and counting the hot drops of water. Are you not ashamed of spending your time in that way?"

Probably owing to his frail health, James Watt was a sensitive boy whose feelings were easily hurt, and he was unable to enjoy the games which most of his chums played. Still, even delicate boys have to earn a living, and he left his home and started for Glasgow to learn the trade of making mathematical instruments. He had very little time when he thus faced the world to make his own way; a small trunk contained everything. In the trunk was a new suit, a velvet vest, a ruffled shirt, some stockings, a leather apron, and some carpenter's tools.

There was no manufacturer of mathematical instruments in Glasgow, but for a time he

worked with a man who was a "Jack-of-all-trades." This man sold and mended spectacles, repaired violins, tuned spinets, made fishing-rods and tackle, and did about twenty other things. James was just as handy as his employer, but he soon realized he would never learn anything there, so he left Glasgow and went to London.

After twelve days' traveling on horseback James Watt arrived in London. If he had often been lonely and homesick in Glasgow he felt much worse now. In that great city which swarmed with people the lonely lad had not one friend, or relative, or even an acquaintance. To make matters worse he could not find anyone who would engage him. For weeks he tramped the streets in a fruitless search for employment. At last a Mr. John Morgan, who was a manufacturer of mathematical instruments, agreed to give him some instruction if he worked without wages and paid a premium of one hundred dollars.

While in Glasgow James Watt had to accept a little financial help from his father, but he lived in the most frugal manner on two dollars a week. In London he worked in another shop after his day's task was done for Mr. Morgan and in that

way he was not a burden upon his parents. He remained in London for a year gaining a great deal of valuable information about mathematical instruments, then returned to Glasgow.

He was permitted to use a room in connection with Glasgow University and here he manufactured mathematical instruments, but as the demand for them was not great he augmented his salary by making and mending flutes, guitars, violins, and other musical instruments although he did not know one note from another.

During all these years James Watt studied continually the power of steam and the uses to which it had been put in ancient times. Living in the university buildings gave him the privilege of using the library, and he soon became a keen and diligent student of mechanical appliances. He fitted up his room so that it served as a workshop and here for many hours at a time he experimented with steam; testing and measuring its power and always dreaming of its possibilities.

At that time many of the coal mines of Europe were rendered almost useless because there was so much water in them; the miners were often drowned, and work was at a standstill. A man named Thomas Newcomen had invented what

was called an atmospheric engine to pump water from the mines.

One day one of the professors at the University asked James Watt to repair a Newcomen machine which had gone wrong. This proved to be a turning point in his life. The Newcomen steam pump was crude and most ineffective, more than four fifths of the steam and fuel were utterly wasted. But it did work by steam power, and there and then Watt resolved to find some really effective way of using steam power.

He hired a cellar and for months worked away, apparently forgetting everything else in his inventive work. He had to meet and overcome all manner of discouragements. He had poor tools, his helper died, his engines often leaked badly, and he was continually harassed because he had not sufficient money to purchase the equipment he needed. Once he became so utterly discouraged that he wrote to a friend: "Of all foolish things in the world there is none more foolish than inventing."

Then one day, while out walking, the idea of condensing steam in a separate vessel came to him. It was that thought which led him gradually to make steam a driving power for all manner of engines. The idea came like a flash and then, in a

few minutes, he had thought out the whole scheme. The idea greatly excited him and as he hurried to his workshop he seemed to walk on air. He discovered a way to overcome the enormous waste of steam and in a very short time he had engines which were no longer crude and cumbersome and ineffective but which by their marvelous power made so many things possible that life was changed for millions of people. Perhaps no discovery in all history has had more far-reaching results than this one of James Watt.

James Watt was still a young man when he found how to use steam power, but it was several years before he succeeded in getting anyone to loan him sufficient money to proceed. He was in very poor health; being a poor business manager he had gotten into debt and even after his success he often was utterly discouraged. Others were continually stealing his ideas and he was sorely distracted until a wealthy merchant, Mr. Matthew Boulton, entered into partnership with him, and this was the beginning of a long and happy friendship.

Soon the Watt and Boulton steam engines became widely known, not only in Great Britain but in other countries. Orders poured in from every part of the world. The manufacture of

these machines became an industry of world-wide importance, and Watt, who had known so much poverty and hardship, was soon in comfortable circumstances, and, what was greatly to his liking, he was able to purchase tools and perfect his engines to his heart's content.

In spite of his frail constitution he lived to be an old man, and as long as he lived his inventive mind was at work. His amazing discoveries so far were just the beginning of many others to follow. Just as thousands of mariners followed Columbus once he had crossed the Atlantic, so James Watt turned the attention of a vast number of men to steam power, and before long both on land and sea the influence of his inventions began to be felt. Robert Fulton built the first commercial steam vessel in America using a Watt and Boulton engine which he had ordered after a visit to their works at Birmingham in 1804.

Watt had marvelous patience; it is said that, although exceedingly shy, he was one of the best informed men of his generation. No matter what subject of conversation was started he was able to discuss it intelligently. He was wonderfully kind and generous, and, although during the

later years of his life his inventions made a good deal of money for him, it was easy to see that he never valued money for its own sake. He had a little garret room filled up in the attic of his home and whenever he found it possible to steal away for a few hours, his friends knew he would be in his little workshop. He seemed to anticipate a great many inventions. For instance, when dense volumes of smoke issued from the chimneys of factories he turned his attention to smoke prevention and reduced the volume of smoke from his own factory so much that spectators could scarcely believe the plant was working.

Many great honors came to him before he died. He was made a Fellow of the Royal Society of Edinburgh, a Doctor of Laws of Glasgow University, and a member of the Institute of France. At the time of his death he was working on an invention for reproducing sculpture. At the centenary of his death, in 1919, visitors to his beautiful home, Heathfield Hall, were privileged to visit his garret workshop and there to view his tools just as he laid them down the last day he was there.

He died on August 19, 1819. In Westminster Abbey there is a great statue of him done by his personal friend, Frances Chantney. But his

greatest monument is to be found in the many useful inventions which his great skill and infinite patience made possible. It is no wonder that the great poet, William Wordsworth, said: "When I consider the magnitude and universality of his genius, I look upon him as perhaps the most extraordinary man that his country has ever produced."²

CHAPTER XV

HE SPANNED A CONTINENT WITH RAILROADS

IN 1838, just eighteen years after Donald Smith was born in Scotland, James J. Hill was born on a farm near the village of Rockwood in Ontario. The countryside around his home was sparsely settled; dense bush lay beyond the village; often the village children were startled to see bears or wolves in the near-by woods. Little news came from the outside world; but there were a great many chores to be done around the log farmhouse, and the youngsters soon learned to take their share of hard work.

The log schoolhouse was two and a half miles away, and at the age of five James Hill walked to and from that school twice a day. When eleven years of age he attended a school in the village known as "Rockwood Academy." Here he became deeply attached to Mr. William Wetherald, his teacher, and throughout his life he ever referred to this man as his "dear old master."

His father wished James to become a doctor,

but one or two things happened which stood in the way. One day James and another boy were playing with arrows when an arrow entered one of James's eyes, thus depriving him of its sight. Then shortly afterward his father died, and although only fourteen James left school and began to work as a clerk in a village store.

After four weeks in the store his employer, who was a Scotchman, came to him and, putting his hand on his shoulder, said: "James, ye hae done right well. If ye keep on, ye'll mak your way in the world." Then he handed him an envelope which contained four dollars. James hurried home and proudly handed it to his mother. Years afterward he said: "I never felt so rich and I never expect to feel so rich again in my life as when I looked at those four dollars and then handed them over to my mother."

For four years James Hill worked in the grocery store at Rockwood. During those years he read a great deal about the Canadian West and longed to go there. At the Academy he had met some boys from the Red River Settlement—now Alberta—and they had invited him out to their home.

Transportation in those days was slow and difficult, and after many adventures James Hill

arrived in St. Paul, Minnesota, on July 21, 1856. The penniless eighteen-year-old stranger looked around him in bewildered fashion. He knew no trade, but he was willing and eager to work at anything and he soon obtained work as a shipping clerk, directing the loading and unloading of steamboats.

✓ He got on so well in St. Paul that he remained there for nine years. He was a willing worker and his employers liked him for that. He was courteous and obliging and all who did business with him appreciated his pleasant manner. Furthermore, he was friendly and good-natured and before long the young Canadian was one of the most popular men in the town.

It has often been said of Tyrus Cobb, one of the greatest baseball players in the world, that the secret of his success is that he thinks two bases ahead. James Hill was always like that. He looked ahead and planned for coming years. His biographer, Joseph Gilpin Pyle, says: "James Hill always looked fifty years ahead. He saw things that were invisible to others."

In those days the great river steamboats used wood for fuel. There were great forests throughout the state, and the wealth of coal had scarcely been touched. James Hill felt sure that coal

would replace wood for fuel, and whenever he met a prospector he questioned him about coal deposits.

But the thing which interested him more than anything else was the extension of the railroads into the little known Western country. At that time there were no railways in Western Canada, and very few miles of railway in the Western States. The only railroad in Minnesota was a short line that ran for a few miles out of St. Paul. Nothing else around the town interested him so much as this railway, and eventually he became agent for this short line; of course he attended to other duties as well.

His chums thought him a good deal of a dreamer. "Jimmie Hill is all right," they said, "but he is a little cracked on the subject of railways." When discussing the subject with them James said: "Some day coal will take the place of wood, great railways will be built across this country, north and south, east and west, and that will open up the country and thousands of settlers will come in." His friends only smiled; they did not see it that way.

From being an employee earning a few dollars a week James Hill soon advanced until he owned steamboats of his own and had a flourishing busi-

ness. He never lost an opportunity of exploring the surrounding country, and the more he saw of it the more convinced he became of its great possibilities. "And what is true of Minnesota," he said, "is true of the millions of square miles to the north and west. It is a wilderness now but it can be made into a garden."

While still in his twenties James Hill made business trips to the Canadian West. Such visits in those days were thrilling adventures. There were no fine railroads and excellent hotels as there are to-day. Travelers covered hundreds of miles on snowshoes, faced biting blizzards, and pushed their way through enormous snowdrifts. But in spite of hardships, James Hill came back from every trip more enthusiastic than ever. "It is a wonderful country out there," he said. "I would like to have a share in opening it up." On one of his journeys to the West he met Donald Smith—afterward Lord Strathcona—and the two men were much attracted to each other. A friendship was begun which lasted throughout life.

When on these business adventures James Hill had many thrilling experiences. There is just room to tell one here. Once he was carrying thirty thousand dollars in money values from

the West to St. Paul. That was a very large sum of money in those days, and for precaution he had a light chain running from his wrist to the handle of the bag containing the money. There were a number of evil-looking characters on the return journey, and James Hill was more than a little worried. Between stages he had to spend a night with many others in a log cabin on the banks of the Red River. In order to prevent suspicion James threw the bag containing the money carelessly into a corner of the dimly lighted sitting room as though it contained nothing of value. Then he began to wonder how he could get it to his room without appearing too anxious. After a while he pretended he had toothache and saying he had some drops in his sack that would cure it he gathered it up and went to his room, where he spent an anxious and watchful night.

In 1873, when James Hill was just thirty-five years old, there was a panic and the St. Paul and Pacific Railroad Company failed. Seventeen years of hard work and careful saving had made a big change in James Hill. From being a penniless stranger he had become one of the richest and most influential men in Minnesota. He gathered together all he had, managed to interest other

big business men who had confidence in his judgment and his honesty, and bought the railway.

From the day he took it over everything changed. Somehow he inspired confidence, and his extraordinary knowledge of the West and his boundless enthusiasm were the greatest advertisements the West could have. Settlers flocked to it; soon comfortable farms occupied land where previously there had been nothing but roving beasts and the wigwams of Indians. Huge trees were cut down, and everywhere could be heard the hum of busy sawmills.

In all this development the railroad shared; indeed, it was largely responsible for this era of prosperity. To span the continent with railways from coast to coast, he extended his railway west into Montana and assisted the new settlers by helping them to get cattle on to their farms. He sent men to England and had them bring out the finest breeds of cattle and these he divided up among the grateful farmers.

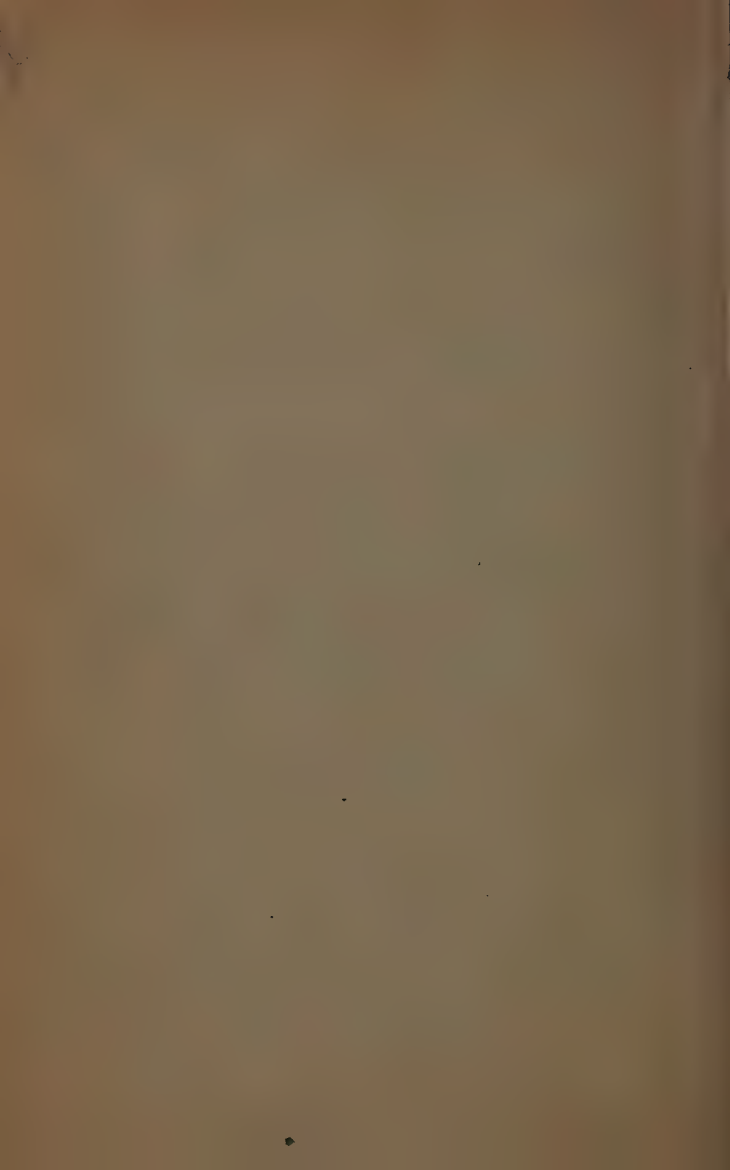
Before many years had passed James Hill became the owner of the Northern Pacific Railroad which stretched to the Pacific Coast. The cost of this new venture was two hundred million dollars, and he became recognized as an

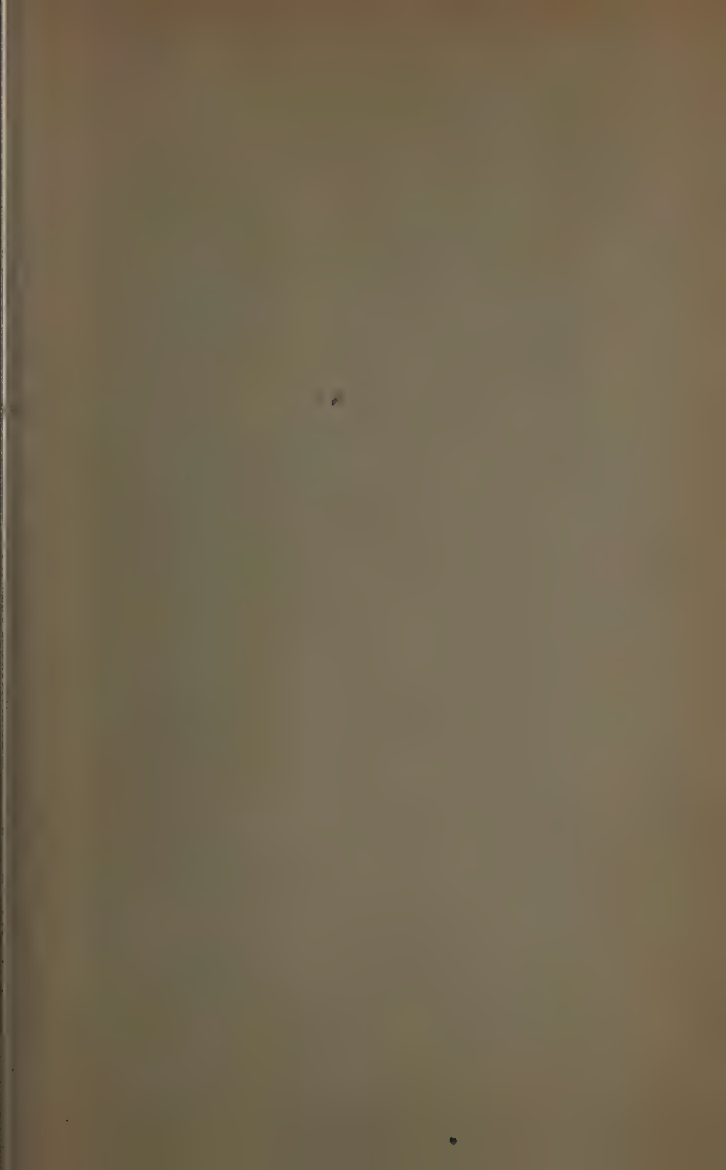
empire builder and one of the most influential men in the whole world.

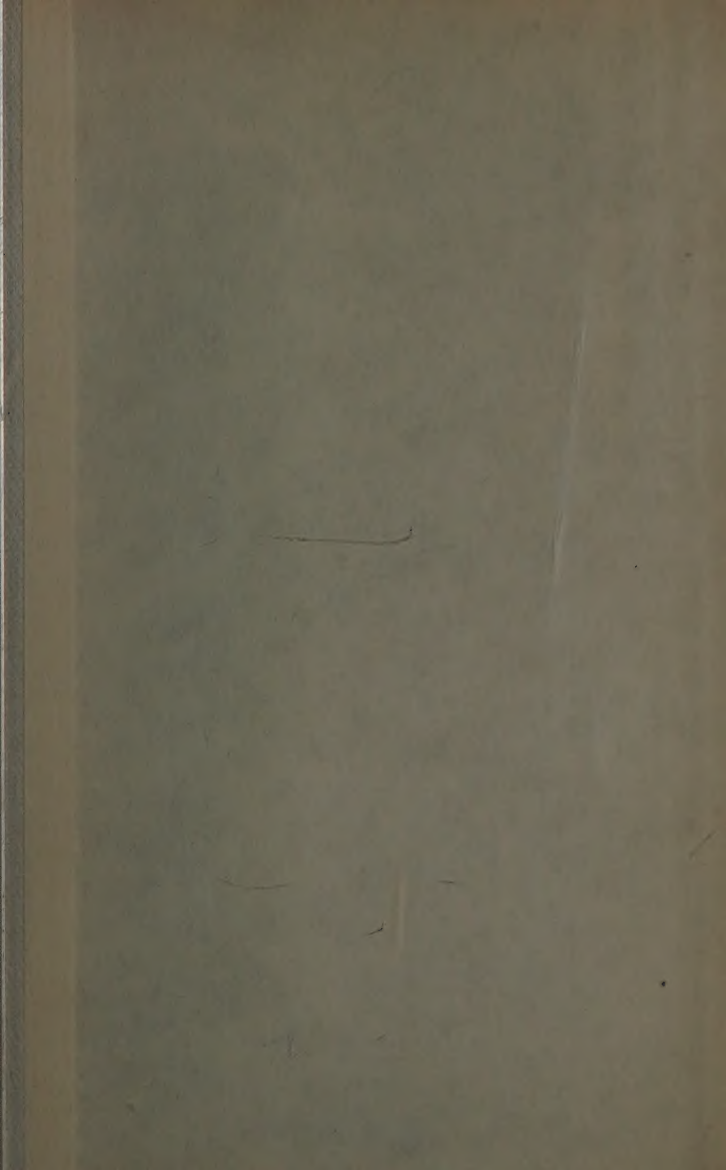
A great many honors came to James Hill, and it is to his credit that he remained an unspoiled man of simple tastes and sincere motives. When the degree of Doctor of Laws was conferred upon him by Yale University, he said, "I have never found that a lie would take the place of truth. I have always tried to keep my hands clean, and I hope that at my age I am too old to learn new tricks."

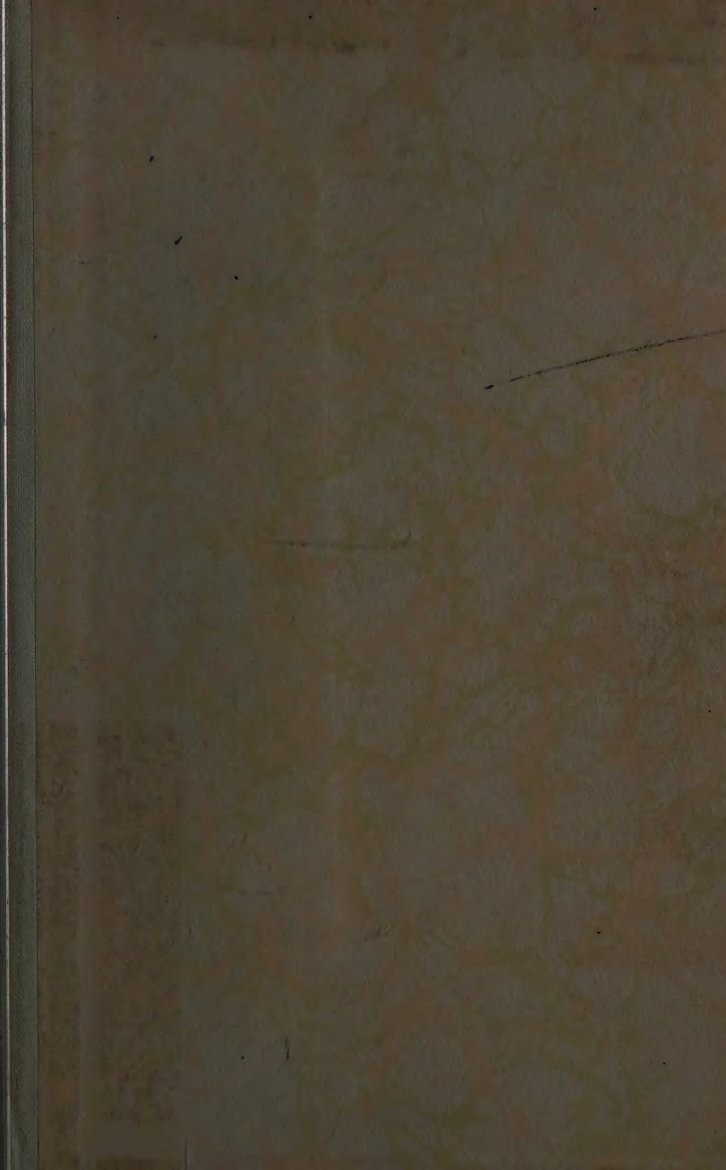
He died in 1916 at the age of seventy-eight. It was said at the time that no matter what vocation he had taken up he would have become a successful leader. No doubt that is true. A man of such energy, honesty of purpose, and vision is bound to make his way in the world and increase the happiness of others.

THE END









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